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Christian Names in Western Kentucky

By LILLIAN LOWRY

"We white people . . . have shown little daring in thinking up new Christian names."¹

The Christian names found in Western Kentucky follow fairly definite patterns. They may not reflect the daring which Dr. Arthur Palmer Hudson feels is missing in white names in America, but certainly many of them can be designated as unusual and original. Dr. Herbert Halpert pointed out the possibility that the white names may follow patterns similar to those for Negro names noted by Dr. Hudson in his article. At his suggestion the author of this article made a brief survey of white naming patterns in Western Kentucky, particularly in Calloway County.² Where a few from neighboring regions have crept in, I have given the areas.

The Scriptures give us in Calloway County a long list of such names as *David*, *Matthew*, *Mark*, *Luke*, *John*, *James*, *Zebedee*, *Isaac*, *Abraham* (often shortened to *Ham*), and *Alexander*. Women of the Bible have their counterparts, too. Commonly used are *Ruth*, *Naomi*, *Mary*, *Magdalene*, *Sarah*, and *Martha*.

Names derived from places are quite common. *Dixie* abounds, as do *Tennessee* and *Georgia*. *Missouri*, as a woman's Christian name, was used more often during the earlier days in this locality, as is indicated by the number of reports of great-grandmothers who had this name. Although *Tennessee*, *Georgia*, and *Dixie* remain as current names, only an occasional *Missouri* is found. *Alabama* is also found occasionally, and now and then an *Arizona*.

Not only are states used to name girls; cities, too, provide feminine nomenclature. *Charlotte* (from the city in North Carolina), *Atlanta*, and *Arko* are examples. *Arko* is the name of a town on the border of Arkansas. One man from nearby southern Illinois was named *Indikinois*, a combination of Indiana, Kentucky, and Illinois.

¹ Arthur Palmer Hudson, "Some Curious Negro Names," *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, II (December, 1938), 182. Professor Hudson does give some curious white names, as well as Negro ones, in his article.

² Many of these names are those of living persons whom I know. Others came from members of the class in folklore at Murray State College in the Winter Quarter of 1948, and from my students in the Murray State College Training School at the same period. A few have been secured since that time from friends and colleagues. Professor Halpert has been kind enough to assist me in the final revision of this paper.

Another was given as Christian names the name of his home town and state, Carmi Illinois. In neighboring Obion, Tennessee, the first child to be born there, a girl, was christened *Obion*.

Famous, and infamous, people leave their names in the naming patterns found here in Calloway County. *Corbett*, from Jim, the prizefighter, appears as a middle name; *Paul Dean* and *Babe Ruth*, baseball heroes, as Christian names. At least one radio character's name has been used: *Charles Bradford*. Presidents' names occur less frequently than might be expected, but *Warren Gamaliel*, *Calvin Coolidge*, *Franklin Delano*, *George Washington*, and *Thomas Jefferson* do occur. *Jefferson Davis* is fairly well represented among the older people, as are *Nathan B. Forrest* and *U. S. Grant*. *Cortez*, *Napoleon*, and *Hannibal* reflect other historical interests; as do *Bruce*, *Sigsbee*, *Buell*, *Benjamin Franklin*, and *John Paul*.

Movie stars provide names for a great many children. The ages of the children can sometimes be estimated from the names they have received; *Gloria*, *Jean*, *Faye*, *Shirley*, *Barbara*, *Alice Fay*, *Roy Rogers*, *Billie Burke*.

Jewels, flowers, ornaments, and toys give their names to a surprising number of the population of West Kentucky. *Clover*, *Rose*, *Violet*, *Pansy*, *Ivy*, *Lily*, *Iris*, and *Daisy* are often found as white Christian names for girls. They cannot rival the poetic imagination involved in *Clover Blossom*, *Trailing Arbutus*, and *Meadow Brook*. *Ruby*, *Pearl*, *Jewel*, and *Opal* can be found frequently as girl's names; occasionally *Opal* is found as a boy's name.

Strange circumstances of birth often give rise to unusual names. *Holly Gay* was born on Christmas Day. *Bonnie* was so named because during her birth her mother heard someone singing "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." *Equal's* arrival made the number of boys equal to the number of girls in his family. *Red* (not a nickname) cried so much immediately after he was born that his face was intensely red. The complete name of *Tubby* Smothers, a foundling, was given to him because he was found in a tub, almost smothered under some old clothes. *Nip* and *Tuck* were boys of two different families born so close together that the prospective fathers agreed, as they were pacing the floor—"It was just nip and tuck who'd get there first."

Local doctors' names appear over and over again. In this locality it is often easy to tell which doctor officiated at the birth of the child. The following Christian names reflect the names of doctors of Murray, the county seat of Calloway: *Graves*, *Graves Mason*, *Wildy*,

and *Ben Keys*. There are many other combinations of these names and names of other doctors.

Classical and literary sources provide such names as *Artemis*, usually shortened to *Miss*, *Penelope*, *Leander*, *Virgil*, *Diane* from *Diana*, *Cleopatra*, *Caesar*, *Pompey*, *Cosette*, *Ovid*, *Octavia*, *Alpha*, *Omega*, *Durward* (Scott's hero, *Quentin Durward*), and *Carmen*. From floating literature of uncertain quality come *Burlon*, *Altá Fay*, *Fernella*, *Laquita*, *Sedley*, and *Vane*.

A girl was named *Ravenell* after her mother had seen the name *Ravenel* in a novel; another mother named her daughter for a character, *Dolores*, in a novel, but changed the spelling to *Deloris*.

Among groups which are lacking in formal education some strange spelling distortions of names derived from classical and related sources occur. Probably these come from the oral transmission of an original mispronunciation. I have one or two examples of each of these: *Clistie* was derived from *Callista*; *Feelyer* from *Ophelia*; *Wyvonne* was originally *Yvonne*; *Veeny* is usually short for *Lavinia*, but is also used as a name by itself.

One group of names which is quite large is that group of girls' names derived from masculine ones. Usually this invention is made in order to name a girl for her father. In this classification we find combinations of two names, one of which contains the masculine form: in *Teddie Lou*, *Rue Etta* and *Prenticia Ann*, the first name; in *Barbara Glen* and *Vickie Ray*, the second name.

A feminized single form derived from a masculine Christian name is also common. It is usually made by adding a suffix. Some of these suffixes are unique, as in *Waynette*, *Phillis* (not *Phyllis*), *Bertral* and *Bertina*. The suffix *ia* or *a* is somewhat more common, as in *Eugenia*, *Edwina* and *Fredda*.

Most popular for girls' names is the use of an *ie* suffix, as in *Bertie*, *Bobbie*, *Charlie*, *Frankie*, *Jackie*, *Jamie*, *Jimmie*, *Johnnie*, and *Tommie*.

These *ie* forms of masculine names, used here as feminine ones, will be recognized as common diminutives of masculine names, frequently used with children, or as terms of affection for adult males. These diminutives of affection are also used informally in this area.

What is especially striking in the naming patterns is that a boy may often be given the *ie* form of a name as his Christian name. The names listed above (from *Bertie* to *Tommie*) for girls, are equally common as Christian names for boys.

Feminine diminutives in *ie*, also known in informal usage, may become formal Christian names for girls as in *Maggie*, *Margie*, *Maudie*, and *Nellie*.

Other *ie* forms, the derivation of which is not as easily explained, compose a surprisingly large group of names in this area. A few examples will suffice. We have: *Birdie*, *Lennie*, and *Mellie* for girls; *Bodie*, *Colie*, *Lubie*, *Orbie* and *Peddie* for boys; and *Glennie*, *Goldie*, *Lexie*, and *Rubie* for either sex.³

Many other names are used as either boys' or girls' names, such as *Bobby*, *Charley*, *Cleo*, *Cloys* and *Laverne*. Again the spelling is no guide to the sex of the holder of the name. But *Joe*—*Jo*, *Carroll*—*Carol*, *Francis*—*Frances* show a spelling distinction between the masculine and feminine forms.

Many familiar combinations are used over and over again. *Bobby Jean* is a girl, but *Bobby Gene* is a boy. *Betty June*, *Betty Jean*, *Betty Ann*, *Nellie May*, *Mary Jo*, *Billie Sue*, *Bobbie Sue*, *Sylvia Dell*, *Mary Sue*, *Mary Ann*, *Mary Jane* are girls' names. *Billy Gene*, *Will Ed*, *John Ed*, *George Ed*, *James Frank*, and *John Thomas* are boys' names found repeatedly in the roll books of various schools in this area.

Initials alone sometimes constitute complete Christian names as in *N.P.*; *T.J.*; *J.C.*; *M.Y.*; and *H.W.* One family in Calloway County had three sons, named respectively: *J.*, *K.*, and *L.*

Several instances of the use of the same initial for names of a whole family of children have been noted. In one case the letter *J* was used: *Joe Ed*, *Julia Lee*, *Jerry Don*, *Jean Ann*, *Jan Lynn*. Another family chose *R* and named the children *Richard*, *Randolph*, *Raymond*, and *Roper*; still another used *C* for *Clifton*, *Clarence*, *Clovis*, and *Cleatus*. *M*'s were used in a family of seven girls: *Marie*, *May*, *Mamie*, *Mabel*, *Marjorie*, *Mildred*, *Martha*.

The arrival of twins is an occasion for the exercise of much ingenuity and poetic license in adapting names to dual roles. The results are amusing and amazing.

The following are girl twins: *Lena* and *Leda*; *Linda* and *Leta*; *Etna Sue* and *Linda Lou*; *Mary Euell* and *Sadie Nell*; *Evelyn* and *Eleanor*; *Janice* and *Annice*; *Voline* and *Clotile*; *Ida* and *Ada*; *Harue* and *Larue* (pronounced Hayroo and Layroo); *Norine* and *Florine*; *Wilma* and *Wilba*; *Faith* and *Fairy*; *Sheron* and *Karen*; and *Smirty* and *Mirty*.

³ Professor Halpert called my attention to the *ie* patterns.

Boy twins offer a notable group: *Bob and Rob; Lloyd and Floyd; Wally and Wesley; Homer and Plomer; Nip and Nap; Lindon and Limon; and Ransom Orris and Charlie Sorris.*

Girl-boy twins follow, with the lady leading in each pair: *Ann and Dan; Lula and Luther; Alta Faye and Charles Ray; Sharon Kay and Clifford Ray; Willie and Billie; Sola and Solon; Bonnie and Donnie; Estell and Eethel* (pronounced *Estell* and *Eethell*); *Pearl and Earl; Pauline and Paul; Hazel and Haskell; and Inus and Minus.*

In addition to the good, old, standard traditional names which are, of course, common in the area and are passed on from father to son, such names as *William, John, Henry, Thomas, James, Robert, Joseph, Richard*, we find an occasional combination of Christian name and surname which gives unusual results. I have been unable to check whether or not these combinations were made with malice aforethought.

In this group are: *Gape Payne, Harry Legg* (a barber by trade), *Greenberry Lillie; Ima Fite; Dumpy Love Brann; Portia Ozone Flowers; Grey Swann; Sunshine Collie; Dewdrop Brumley; Loma Dye; Bill Williams; Frank James; Jesse James; George Washington; Pud Digs; Ab Sweat; Cross Spann; Lady Love Allen; Lady Ruth Allen; Merry Christmas Bennett; General Pace, and Jack Frost.* *Iwana Bone* was reported from nearby Carlisle County, Kentucky. From southern Illinois, *Ima June Bugg, Hale Storms, North Storms, and Gray Flowers* are worthy of mention.

Names of unusual length are reported occasionally: *Sarah Mary Jane Andrus; Mary Caledonia Washington Edwards; Thomas Tennessee Watson Smith; Carrie Emma Jean Walker; George Millard Gordon McCutcheon, Jr.; James Robert Franklin Columbus Asher; Levicie Lou Mittie Jane Barrow; Katherine Cornelia Evelina Reynolds Lamb; Richard Ivor Morris Franklin Peterson; Para Lee Fonie Kismac Adonie Reynolds; and Ila Lora Ellen Elizabeth Beacham Mobley Johnson.* All of these include the surnames.

One of the most interesting long names is connected with a story told about a man who lived in Calloway County during the days of the gold rush. He, too, joined the mad scramble for gold, but returned to Calloway no richer than when he left. After his return he named his new daughter, *Eveline Angeline California Gold Mine.* The name must reflect his philosophy.

Folksay in the making was observed when two grandchildren reported the names of the same grandmother. The first said her first names were: *Sarah Sedelia Victorine Elizabeth Andrometa;* the other

offered: *Sarah Salena Victorina Cedilla Elizabeth Ann Dometta*.

One name that is often repeated as the name of a nebulous relative, who unfortunately never seems to appear, is:

Maro Saro Elizabeth Jane

Margaret Mirandy Maria O'Payne.

I suspect this is pure folksay.

Here are single examples of other names. A girl was named *Sherry* for sherry wine; another was named *Algebra*; still another *Susanna* from the song, "O Susanna." These have recognized sources. I have no information as to the origin of *Dithula*, *Serilda*, *Quava*, *Sonoma*, *Zahn*, *Zann*, *Iosetta*, *Maurita*, *Taz*, and *Muke*. They are unique.

In one family the father wanted "different" names for the children. Necessity must have spurred the mother to invention with these results: *Tela*, *Zela*, *Velda*, *Cleo*, *Glونzo*, and *Waldo*.

One father, according to his daughter, wanted unusual names for his children. He was riding along on horseback and the name *Barkley* occurred to him. He created names for his children, names which began with *Bar*: *Barthela* and *Barletta*.

Spelling distortions made in order to combine two or more names also result in names quite outside the ordinary. *Jenna V*, *Lutharlin*, *Myonne* (pronounced *My Own*), *Jenelen*, *Modelle*, *Zytelle*, *Dorinne*, and *Melcena* are illustrations of such combinations.

Our names in Western Kentucky, then, reflect both our ties with the past and our folkways. The general lack of large non-English elements in the population of the region is shown in the absence of names from foreign sources.

I believe some of these names show the imagination and daring which Dr. Hudson found lacking in white American names.

Murray State College Training School

Murray, Kentucky

Folklore in the Kentucky Novel

By LAWRENCE S. THOMPSON

When the present writer was preparing his forthcoming book on *The Kentucky Novel* (to be published in 1953 by the University of Kentucky Press), he was impressed by the possibilities for detailed study of Kentucky manners and customs and social and economic history. Particularly tempting is the wealth of folk speech, customs, legend, tales, and superstition. Several worthwhile essays could be written on the basis of a detailed study of these aspects of Kentucky life as revealed in Kentucky fiction. The present essay will be confined to a general indication of the type of material that may be found in Kentucky fiction as a fair sample of the American regional novel.

In any corpus of material as extensive as the Kentucky novel (well over 400 titles set largely in Kentucky) there is much exotic material. Thus John Uri Lloyd's *Stringtown on the Pike* (1900) and *Red Head* (1903) contain many little known bits of popular beliefs about plants and drugs (including an African "ordeal bean"), but few of these esoteric references can be identified with the Commonwealth. Edwin Carlile Litsey's *A Maid of the Kentucky Hills* (1913) is a curious effort to mix Greek mythology with a Kentucky mountain background, but there are no customs which can be identified as indigenous to the Ohio Valley. Dr. James William Jewell, a high official in the Kentucky Department of Finance, has gathered much interesting mountain lore in his many publications, but some, such as *Walking Bear of Silvermine Mountain* (1950), are combinations of eclectic gleanings from other Kentucky books and didacticism. Other books which have a Kentucky background but which use exotic rather than indigenous folk traditions will not be mentioned.

The epic of the Kentucky frontier and the heroes of border warfare have been celebrated in popular literature almost as widely as the Carolingian epic, and a corresponding volume of folklore has been attached to the literary treatments. From the earliest border romance of James Kirke Paulding through Elizabeth Roberts' *The Great Meadow* (1930) the story of early America's struggle to conquer the wilderness has attracted the fancy of the Commonwealth's ablest writers; and they have used not only the early travel books (*e.g.*, Imlay and Flint) but also the oral tradition about the frontier that has survived

so well even in twentieth century Kentucky. The colorful array of Kentucky folk heroes included such semi-legendary personalities as Johnny Appleseed (*cf.* Clark McMeekin's *Reckon with the River*, 1941) and Mike Fink (*cf.* Phyllis Crawford's "*Hello, the Boat!*", 1938). The dime novelist created comic Negroes, Irishmen, "Dutchmen", and New Englanders. Emerson Bennett's array of Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Lewis Wetzel, and the renegade Simon Girty in *Ella Barnwell* (1853) is a characteristic group of real persons whose names soon became inextricably intertwined with the hero legends of the frontier. Curious personalities such as the fearful Indian-killer of Robert Montgomery Bird's *Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbenainosay* (1837) and James Hall's Harpe gang in *The Harpe's Head* (1833), furnish much color to the history of violence in Kentucky, and the very nature of such fictional characters has compelled the authors to look for source material in the form of popular tradition. A type such as Samuel Fletcher's Indian-killing Negro in *Black Samson* (1909) owes considerably more to popular legend than to the author's imagination.

Frontier customs are as well illustrated in fiction as in the travel books. James Strange French's *Elkswatawa* (1836) has been attributed to Timothy Flint, perhaps because chicken fighting, racing, drinking, and shooting matches on a Bardstown election day were so ably described. James Lane Allen's most famous novel, *The Choir Invisible* (1897), contains many notes on pioneer customs and popular tales such as the fabulous story of the Lexington schoolmaster who had to eject a wildcat from his classroom before he could call roll. Father Henry Stanislaus Spalding's *The Cave by the Beech Fork* (1901), a story of two adventurous young Catholic boys in Nelson County about the time of the War of 1812, has an appeal to lads of all denominations with its notes on the manners and habits of a picturesque frontier sheriff and amusements such as a live bird shooting contest. A few recent tales of frontier Kentucky which are particularly distinguished for their competent accounts of frontier folkways are Felix Holt's *The Gabriel Horn* (1951), Charles K. O'Neill's *Morning Time* (1949), Jere Wheelwright's *Kentucky Stand* (1951), and Juliet Alves' *Huldah* (1942). The fifty-odd dime novels dealing with the early days of the Commonwealth and the Ohio Valley are veritable mines of popular tradition from frontier days, but the investigator must exercise great care not to confuse accounts of authentic folkways with the fertile imagination of authors such as Edward Sylvester Ellis, Edwin Emerson, Arthur L. Meserve, Fred Whittaker, and Edward Willett.

The fictitious legends and elaborations on true stories of the famous persons, places, and events in early Kentucky history have become a part of folk tradition. The immortal story of how women of Bryan's Station fetched water from under the noses of hostile Indians has been placed at Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, and several imaginative stations as well as at Bryan's Station. Fred Whittaker added color to the rapidly growing George Rogers Clark legend when he had him fall in love with a beautiful transvestite in *Ruby Roland, the Girl Spy* (1873); and by a quarter of a century later Clark had become the Roland of the epic of Kentucky in such well known heroic and romantic novels as Winston Churchill's *The Crossing* (1904), John Fox's *Erskine Dale* (1920), and Constance Lindsay Skinner's *Becky Landers* (1926).

The frontier novels are full of place name lore, some of it authentic, other based on folk etymologies. Two examples may be given here. Aril Bond Burr's *Panther Rock* (1931), set in Anderson County, includes the story of how Panther Rock received its name after a panther killed an Indian who was about to murder a pioneer trapper. James Hall's *The Harpe's Head* (1833) derives its title from the manner of execution of Micajah Harpe, whose head was impaled on a pole and gave a locality its name.

Indian customs and traditions are not portrayed faithfully. The Indian is either Bird's soulless, drunken beast or Cooper's idealized noble savage. Indian customs and traditions described by dime novelists are, for the most part, pure figments of the imagination. As the title implies, there are some traces of authentic Indian folkways in John Beauchamp Jones' *Wild Western Scenes-Second Series; The War-Path; a Narrative of Adventures in the Wilderness; with Minute Details of the Captivity of Sundry Persons; Amusing and Perilous Incidents During Their Abode in the Wild Woods; Fearful Battles with Indians; Ceremony of Adoption into an Indian Family: Encounters with Wild Beasts and Rattlesnakes, etc.* (1856). Clavière's *Tam, ou aventures et voyages d'un jeune sauvage* (1839) describes the life of Tam, a white boy from the banks of the Elkhorn, among the Indians with some material on savage manners and customs.

In many respects the modern frontier is—or, at least, was until after World War I—the mountains of eastern Kentucky, actually a frontier in a stage of arrested development. Dozens of novelists have sought inspiration among the moonshiners and feudists of the Kentucky hills, but only in recent years, with the work of such authors as James Still, Harriette Arnow, Jesse Stuart, Henry Hornsby, and Jan-

ice and Henry Giles, has there been a conscientious effort to describe the humbler aspects of daily mountain life as a consistent element in the narrative. Nevertheless, a detailed study of mountain fiction, and, often as not, of the second-rate books, will bring to light many an otherwise forgotten custom. Louise Saunders Murdock's *Almetta of Gabriel's Run* (1817) describes such standard mountain customs as a funeral with fancy preaching held several years after the parties concerned had been buried, a "working" in which the men build a barn and the women string beans to dry, and a cat-shaking. Lettie Hoskins Saylor's *Cradle Valley* (1946) includes a good bit of child-birth custom and superstition on pre-natal influences, some herb doctoring, and a cat-shaking. This latter custom, which seems to be unrecorded, has recently been a subject of public discussion in the *Lexington Herald* as a result of the researches of Clennie Hollon, editor of the *Williba News*, in Lee County. Whenever a quilt is finished, the unmarried girls in the community gather around it and take a hold on the edge. A tom-cat is thrown into the center of the quilt and bounced. The girls get excited, and so does Tom; and as he races for the open spaces, the girl he passes on his right is the next to be married. Some other authors whose work includes similar material on mountain customs and traditions are Eva Wilder McGlasson Brodhead, who spent several summers near the former site of Burnside, Kentucky, gathering materials for her *Bound in Shallows* (1897) and *An Earthly Paragon* (1892); Lucy Furman, whose stories of the "quare women" (social workers and teachers from the level country) attracted many readers in the 1920's; Rebecca Caudill's delightful juveniles such as *Barrie and Daughter* (1943), *Happy Little Family* (1947), and *Schoolhouse in the Woods* (1949); and Genevieve May Fox's *Mountain Girl* trilogy (*Mountain Girl*, 1932; *Mountain Girl Comes Home*, 1934; and *Lona of Hollybush Creek*, 1935), also written for young girls.

The exaggerated mountaineer of the Al Capp variety has only a remote parallel in reality, but the popularity of certain comic strip characters, above all in Li'l Abner and Barney Google, has made him a part of the folklore of the cities, if not of the mountains. As a literary or, rather, pseudo-literary character, we may trace him to the 1880's with such crude tales as Marion Stuart Cann's *On Skidd's Branch* (1884), a romance of a revenuer and a moonshiner's ward, and dime novels of the nineties such as Marline Manly's *Kentucky Kate; or, The Moonshiners' League* (1896), the story of a brave girl who gives her life to protect her revenuer lover from the Winchesters of her moonshining father and fiancé. With the most famous of all

such books, John Fox's *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (1908) and Edward Marshall's and Charles Turner Dazey's *In Old Kentucky* (1910; based on Dazey's play of the same title), the popular concept of the Kentucky hills as Dogpatch *par excellence* was fixed once and for all. Charles Nevill Buck's seemingly interminable series of Kentucky mountain novels (sixteen between 1912 and 1935) and related books such as Hugh Lundsford's *The Law of Hemlock Mountain* (1920), Emerson Hough's *The Way Out* (1918), and Everett MacDonald's *The Red Debt* (1916) represent the greatest flourishing of this literary tradition. While it will not be possible to write the definitive study of the folklore of the Cumberlands without consulting these works, a serious investigator would have to check carefully on such leads as the oath of Bell-Ann Benson, sweetheart of a moonshiner in *The Red Debt*, "on the witch-block that no livin' bein' 's goin' t' kiss my face lessen he kills th' houn' dog and he-skunk revenuer."

Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of mountain folklore is balladry, and it has not failed to attract the attention of the novelists. Although Harry Harrison Kroll's *The Mountain Singer* (1928) seems to be located in southwest Virginia rather than Kentucky, this tale of the ballad singer Danny Hubbard yields much insight into the actual performance of mountain music. Henry Clinton Kennedy pokes much fun at rustic politicians in his *A Damphool in the Kentucky Legislature* (1909); in describing the antics of the damphool (Hon. Socrates Skaggs of Jaytown on Stingy Creek, Polk County), he includes his renditions of the "shuffle," "back step," "short dog," and "Barbara Allen" at the great ball in the Grand Hotel in Frankfort. Samuel Fletcher's *Black Samson* sings many Kentucky songs that are almost forgotten today. Joseph Alexander Altsheler's romances of the War Between the States are tedious reading today, but the many old-time Southern folksongs which he uses in *The Guns of Bull Run* (1914) make this book rewarding for the folklorist.

Kentucky fiction would be considerably less colorful if it could not exploit some of the unusual personalities who lend the Commonwealth its distinctive flavor. In the case of the most famous Kentucky type, the colonel, this flavor smacks strongly of Bourbon whiskey; for Irvin S. Cobb's Colonel Attila Bird (*Red Likker*, 1929), General Tandy Ellis' *Colonel Torkey Shabb* (1911), and Opie Read's Colonel Remington Osbury (*A Kentucky Colonel*, 1890) are inveterate devotees of the julep cup. Incidentally, Bourbon whiskey (red liquor) has its own folk tradition with tales of its origin (e.g., a keg of ordinary corn liquor buried under a Bourbon County barn that burned down,

a tale found in several novels) and the feats of its connoisseurs (e.g., the fabulous yarn of the nail in the bottom of the whiskey barrel told by Hannah Daviess Pittman in *The Belle of the Bluegrass Country*, 1906). A different variety of colonel, perhaps equally fictitious, is in the genteel tradition, notably Colonel Romulus Fields in James Lane Allen's *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky* (1899).

Mr. Allen's second gentleman of Kentucky is the typical old family retainer, Peter Cotton, who is so familiar in Kentucky society novels such as those of Eleanor Talbot Kinkead. Peter Cotton, however, has other talents, notably as a colorful and original, even if uneducated, lay preacher. There is reason to believe that Mr. Allen was thinking of Peter Vinegar, a real-life counterpart of Peter Cotton in Lexington around the turn of the century. General Ellis' *Shawn of Skarrow* (1911) devotes an entire chapter to the sermon of a Negro preacher in Skarrow on the prodigal son, presumably characteristic of "old time darky humor." There is little doubt but that the illiterate nineteenth century Negro Protestant minister was the repository of many popular tales, and it would seem worthwhile to make an effort to preserve some of these stories by interviews with surviving acquaintances and a study of literary sources such as the books by Mr. Allen and General Ellis. Another Negro type which deserves mention is the "cunjah" man who appears in Edward Young Chapin's *A Harvesting of Green Fields* (1949), a fictionized autobiography set in Ortonville, an Ohio River town, in the 1880's. The comic Negro and Indian-killing Negro of the border romances are related types.

The popular tradition of the beauty of Kentucky women has its roots in the earliest Kentucky literature. Virginia Dangerfield, heroine of James Kirke Paulding's *Westward Ho!* (1832), was born in the Old Commonwealth, but Paulding idealizes her as a characteristic beauty of the New Commonwealth. Four years later Frederick William Thomas described Ruth Lorman in similar terms in *East and West* (1836), and from then on, through *The Lady Lieutenant* (1862), the "high-bred" heroines of Miss Kinkead, and the humbler heroines of Charles Neville Buck, the type ran true to tradition. A further examination of the origins of Kentucky's claim to a monopoly on feminine pulchritude would be a rewarding case study of the local boast.

We have already noted in the case of George Rogers Clark how the novelists have enshrouded historic personalities with a whole cycle of legend. Nancy Hanks and John Hunt Morgan have been the best individual examples of this tendency, and the Beauchamp-Sharpe

Tragedy and the Hatfield-McCoy War have been the best examples involving more than one person.

Nancy Hanks was the victim of many vicious rumors, but none were more fantastic than the one propagated by Lucinda Boyd in *The Sorrows of Nancy* (1899). According to this fantastic story Nancy was the illegitimate daughter of Lucy Hanks, Hornback, or Sparrow and the son of Chief Justice John Marshall and was born on Hell's Half Acre near the Bourbon-Clark County line. This story is widely believed and repeated even today in Winchester and neighboring communities. Hezekiah Butterworth's *A Heroine of the Wilderness; the Story of Lincoln's Mother* (1906) contributes several acts of heroism to the legend of Nancy Hanks' childhood. Mrs. Pittman's *Belle of the Bluegrass Country* also defends Nancy Hanks and even traces her ancestry back to ancient Egypt and Israel. Of all the fanciful novels about Lincoln's mother, only Maria Thompson Daviess' *The Matrix* (1920) tells a plausible story, but even this moving tale adds some elements to the Nancy Hanks story that have been taken over as popular legend.

The exploits of General John Hunt Morgan and his adjutant, Colonel Basil Duke, have attracted the popular fancy as few other military heroes. Even before Morgan's death Sally Rochester Ford was building the legend in *Raids and Romance of Morgan and His Men* (1864); and with each reunion of Morgan's Men in Lexington, the tales of their leader's exploits grew taller, above all, the fantastic but essentially true story of his escape from the federal penitentiary in Columbus. Millard F. Cox's *The Legionaries* (1899), Byron Archibald Dunn's *Raiding with Morgan* (1903), John Uri Lloyd's *Warwick of the Knobs* (1801), and Merritt Parmelee Allen's *The White Feather* (1844) added more legend to Morgan's biography. When all of Morgan's papers are fully exploited by a competent biographer, it will be possible to separate the fact from the fiction about this *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* and construct a significant case study of a popular hero of recent origin.

The Beauchamp-Sharpe Tragedy has furnished inspiration for as many creative writers as any event in Kentucky history, and each writer has given it a different interpretation. The lack of extensive documentary evidence makes it almost certain that the real truth is buried beneath the broken slab on the hilltop graveyard in Bloomfield, but in the meanwhile writers from Edgar Allen Poe, William Gilmore Simms, and Fenno Hoffman through Robert Penn Warren have added to the great love story. Most of the writers have stuck fairly closely to known facts unless they removed the story to some

remote locale (Poe to Renaissance Italy, Hoffman to New York state), but each has contributed a little to the type of love story that has an especially powerful attraction for the folk mind. Warren's *World Enough and Time* (1950) is the finest literary treatment, but at the same time it introduces completely new elements in the tale subsequent to the incarceration. The effect will be interesting to observe a quarter of a century hence when the cracker box story tellers repeat the old tale.

The Hatfield-McCoy War has inspired three novels, of which two, Kroll's *Their Ancient Grudge* (1946) and Alberta Pierson Hannum's *Roseanna McCoy* (1947), have contributed a love story to an otherwise sordid tale of a mountain war. It is too early to tell just what effect these literary versions may have on the tale of the bloody feud as it is told today in Pike County; but it cannot help but have some influence when every drugstore in Pikeville carries pocket editions of the Kroll book. John L. Spivak's *The Devil's Brigade* (1930) sticks close to the facts; but his fiction that the war extended into a bloody labor dispute during the twenties was incorporated into an old-timer's version of the feud as he told it—with many elaborations—to this writer in a cross-roads store in Floyd County in the summer of 1949.

No entire book has been devoted to the notorious Goebel episode, although several writers incorporate it in other books, e.g., John Fox's *The Heart of the Hills* (1913), Miss Kinkead's *The Courage of Blackburn Blair* (1907), and Rebecca Caudill's *Barrie and Daughter*. All of these writers assiduously suppress the very likely allegation that "Kentucky's martyred governor" was sworn into office after he was dead and have undoubtedly contributed some elements to one of the most widely discussed events in Kentucky history.

The folk traditions that occur in many other Kentucky novels add much to the known corpus of popular customs, beliefs, and stories. The fabulous story of the Swift Silver Mines occurs in J. H. Kidwell's *The Silver Fleece* (1927), William E. Barton's *Pine Knot* (1900), Frederick William Powers' *In the Shadow of the Cumberland* (1904), and Elbert M. Hoppenstedt's *Secret of the Stygian River* (1951). Ralph D. Paine's *First Down, Kentucky!* (1921) is an idealized story of the late Bo McMillan and the famous Praying Colonels of Centre College, significant because Danville and Centre alumni circles are still repeating some of these stories about the team that touched off the whole sordid business of professional collegiate athletics. The secrecy with which college athletic associations veil their activities has started a cycle of tales that should be collected.

River lore is not as important in Kentucky fiction as one might suspect. Except for the border romances (and subsequent dime novels) dealing with flatboating from Fort Pitt to Maysville, we have only the jovial flatboatman of *Westward Ho!*, the old-time river rat in "Hello, the Boat!", the steamboat race in *East and West*, the river steamer collisions in *Shawn of Skarrow* and Alfred Cobb's *Liffy Leman* (1890), and river steamer characters in some of the dime novels. The novels set in the Bluegrass are full of information about thoroughbreds, but no novelist has incorporated into his book the rich store of folk speech, superstition, and tales available from trainers, track hands, gamblers, and the hangers-on at Keeneland, Churchill Downs, and Latonia.

The vast resources of Kentucky fiction as a depository for the folklore of the Commonwealth suggest that an exhaustive annotated bibliography of the fiction set in each state needs to be compiled. Not only the folklorist, but also the historian, sociologist, and student of literature would benefit from such studies.

The University of Kentucky

Lexington, Kentucky

Editor's Page

This issue of *Midwest Folklore*, devoted to articles by Kentucky folklorists about Kentucky folklore, is under the special editorship of Professor Herbert Halpert of Murray State College, Murray, Kentucky. The majority of the articles in this issue have been selected by Professor Halpert from the Folklore Archives at Murray State College. Notes throughout the issue initialed H. H. are by Professor Halpert.

The general theme of this number is "Folklore in the Schools." It is hoped that the material here published, in addition to giving a general view of some facets of Kentucky folklore, will be found suitable for classroom use and will help to indicate the type of material that can be used profitably in the schools.

Folklore in My Father's Life

By MARY ELZA ROBERTS

(The many strands that go to make the folklore background of an individual are ably suggested by this article. See also the following article by Miss Boshears for a description of the same man.—H. H.)

My father, Everett Walter Roberts, was born in Calloway County, Kentucky, on July 27, 1877, to Mary Holland and William Roberts. Great-grandfather John Roberts lived at Wiliamson, Tennessee. From there he and his family migrated to Calloway County, Kentucky, as early settlers, securing for their farm state-granted land. His son, William, was married to Mary Holland, also a native of Calloway County, just prior to the Civil War, and they had the first of their twelve children during the war period. It was near Shiloh that they built their home.

The Yankees bothered the neighbors, who were slave owners. They left my grandparents' farm and log hut in peace—principally because my grandparents kept no slaves. All his Negro help received money for their services. Great-great-grandmother Miller had freed her slaves, and it was from her group of Negroes that two came to work for my grandparents from about 1869 to the time my father was eight years old.

It was Frank Curd, one of these Negroes, who was most responsible for my father's learning countless bits of folklore. Before coming to work at the Roberts' home, Frank Curd had come there evenings to visit their Negro help, and to sit by the fire, pick his banjo, and entertain the Roberts' children, upon whom his catchy songs made a deep impression.

Later, John Bailey, white and a bachelor, came to work at the Shiloh farm. This man was doubly entertaining for he played both the fiddle and the banjo. Songs like the "Arkansas Traveller" were his specialty. The entire family joined in the singing after supper-time.

My grandfather was a magistrate and often tried cases at home. One man brought before him for trial was accused of having shot a dog, and he soon convicted himself. He was asked: "Did you shoot the dog in self defense?" He replied, "No, I shot him in the ass, and he fell over the fence."¹

¹ I have heard, or read, a variant of this humorous legend.—H. H.

Father also told me that grandfather was very human. One morning when starting his chores, he noticed a man lying on the ground, frantically trying to pull his arm out of a hole in the corn crib. The thief's hand had been caught in a steel trap placed in the corn crib. The trap was too large to be pulled through the hole, in spite of a night's try. Grandfather, knowing what had happened, casually went on with his work. After a while my grandfather spoke to the man. He said in a kind lecture that there was no need for stealing when honest work was at hand at any time. Then he released him, gave him a sack of corn, and promised him work for money.²

Church gatherings were a means of social as well as religious life, and such an event as a "union meeting" was quite a special occasion. My grandfather had a large house, when his family warranted such, and lived near the church. Many people, even wagonloads, came to spend the night after evening church services. Grandmother found room for all. The whole floor was covered with straw, over which was spread "domestic sheeting." This provided room for all to sleep. The men slept in one room, and the women in the other. It was through such gatherings that my father came to know all the "old-time Hard-Shelled Baptist" songs that we so often hear him sing while going about his work.

Grandfather died on my father's sixth birthday, and the responsibility for the family fell upon the three oldest boys who "made the crop" and yet kept going to school. Five of the younger children became teachers. It was while attending school in the 1880's that my father learned many of the rhymes which he later taught to some extent to his children, but more particularly to his grandchildren. When we were little, he was a busy man and had to work all the time for us. Today, though not retired for he still oversees the farm, he has more time. Every night he takes the children in the yard, swings them, sings to them, and tells them these funny rhymes.

My father has told me that on Friday afternoons every pupil had to "march to the front of the classroom to make a 'speech'", or at least contribute his bit to the impromptu program, be it original, or learned from books or from home. Such verses as this came from the Friday afternoon programs:

Apples dried, apples fried;
Kiss her on the other side.

² An Arkansas text of this legend appears in Vance Randolph, *Who Blowed Up The Church House and Other Ozark Folk Tales* (New York, 1952), pp. 95-96, with references to Missouri, Texas, and Kentucky versions on p. 209. For a Virginia version in which Patrick Henry figures, see B. A. Botkin, *A Treasury of Southern Folklore* (New York, 1949), p. 253.—H. H.

Note writing too gave vent to one's poetic desires. Once my father wrote this note to his "secret passion":

Can you declare yourself from others free,
And make me certain of your love for me?

He said he didn't expect that girl to answer him, but to his surprise the answer was, "Yes."

In the old days, grandmother, daddy's mother, joined with her large family in the evening fun about the fire, and added her bit to the storytelling, guessing games, quoting of rhymes, and the singing, for she too saw humor and fun in spite of having a widow's trials and troubles.

While my father had too little time to spend with his own children, we did learn to appreciate and to love his wealth of stories and rhymes as we played about the fire in the evenings, or helped him in the field. Later, when the grandchildren received more of his time and attention, we heard even more of his lore.

(Contributed to the Folklore Archive, Murray State College, Summer 1948. Edited by Herbert Halpert.)

Folklore News

The Ohio Sesquicentennial Meeting of the Ohio Folklore Society and the Cleveland Folklore Society was held October 23-24 in Cleveland under the joint sponsorship of Baldwin-Wallace College, Western Reserve University, and the Cleveland Public Library. All meetings were held in the Cleveland Public Library. At the Friday evening meeting of the Cleveland Folklore Society, William Schreiber spoke on "Folkways of the Ohio Amish." A program of ballads was also presented by the Chesterland Ballad Singers. Saturday morning the Ohio Folklore Society met in the Treasure Room of the John G. White Collection. Gordon Thayer, Librarian in charge of the Collection, spoke on "Folklore in the John G. White Collection." Mrs. Caroline Piercy also presented a paper on "Some Aspects of Shaker Folklore." Following a luncheon and business meeting at the Auditorium Hotel, the Society reconvened at the Cleveland Public Library. Stith Thompson spoke on "Amateur and Professional Folklorists" and Aili K. Johnson presented a paper on "Finnish-American Tarinats." The meeting closed with a program of nationality songs and dances arranged by the Folk Arts Association of Cleveland.

In connection with these meetings a radio program sponsored by the Cleveland Public Library was broadcast Sunday morning, October 25. During the program Stith Thompson and Harry Ridenour discussed various aspects of folklore.

Granddaddy Roberts

By FRANCES BOSHEARS

(Four years after Miss Mary Elza Roberts contributed the preceding sketch, "Folklore in my Father's Life," her friend and fellow-teacher wrote this lively picture of him. For one or two of the items in Miss Boshears' original article, I have substituted other material secured from Mr. Roberts either by Miss Boshears or by his daughter. This was done at the latter's request. These two sketches emphasize a point that has not been made too often about the transmission of folklore: folklore may often be passed on from grandparent to grandchild, rather than from parent to child.—H. H.)

I've heard a lot of folklore in my life without realizing that it was folklore at the time I heard it. But I didn't realize either that there were people that lived it all the time, as does the old gentleman at whose home I have lived the past six summers while I was attending Murray State College.

He doesn't bother to say, "Stop me if you have heard this one"; nothing would stop him anyway. Not even his wife, who is a quiet, refined person, can stop him. I remember very distinctly the first story he told me which certainly wasn't too rough, but yet not too "nice." His wife said, "Now, Everett, I'd be ashamed if I were you!" The expression on her face made it all the funnier to me.

"Golly-molly, our girl is back!" is the greeting that Granddaddy Roberts has given me every summer I have come to Murray. Since he cannot hear very well, he talks very loud. This greeting is shouted and could be heard a block away. I should call it a country block, because the family lives on a farm three miles from Murray, in Calloway County, Kentucky.

Mr. Roberts, called "Everett" by everyone except his grandchildren, who call him "Granddaddy", is quite a personality. He is seventy-five years of age, but certainly does not look or act that old. He is a farmer and has lived in Calloway County, Kentucky all his life. He is a small, wiry man and could out-walk and out-work any man much younger than he is. He has snow-white hair, blue eyes, and is always clean-shaven. He usually wears blue work shirts and overalls, but when he dresses up he really looks like a dude.

He doesn't have very much education as far as books are concerned, but reads a lot and listens to the radio constantly, and can

discuss most any subject which arises. All six of the children have attended college. Three have graduated and one has an M.A. degree.

His grandchildren all idolize him, and you can readily understand why when you see them together. This is especially true of the two youngest, boys aged five and six. They imitate their "Granddaddy" in talk and actions and trail him everywhere he goes.

"Granddaddy, it is time to do the chores," both boys will shout. They have to talk loud, because he can't hear very well. He gets his hat. They have to have theirs too—and then follow him out of the door. All are singing:

I'm going down to my pea patch,
To see if my old hen has hatched;
When I get there she'll be hatched and gone,
And eaten all my peas and corn.

The boys have learned all his songs, rhymes, and riddles, and sing or say them too.

One morning just after breakfast he was sitting in a rocking-chair with both boys sitting in his lap. The boys said, "Granddaddy, let's sing!" And they did, all three of them, and not in a subdued tone either.

Old Man Garrison and his son Bill,
Stole some goobers from Brandon's Mill.
Old man he got drunk, got drunk,
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk.¹

This was followed by:

Qu-ack, qu-ack, qu-ack,
At night the ducks will all come back;
Qu-ack, qu-ack, qu-ack,
It's morning on the farm.

Cock-a-doodle-doo,
The rooster gets up early too;
Cock-a-doodle-doo,
It's morning on the farm.

They were all beating time by waving their hands in the air.

Next they sang:

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
The pig got loose and killed a goose,
And Tom got put in the calaboose.

¹ For a summary and discussion of this Calloway County local song see Gordon Wilson, "Breakdowns," *Bulletin of the Kentucky Folk-Lore Society*, 1925, pp. 12--13.—H. H.

"Granddaddy, let's sing 'Fished all Night,'" was the request, and it was next on the program.

Fished all night,
Fished a little longer,
Pull off your coat,
And throw it in the corner,
And fish a little longer.

Danced all night,
Dance a little longer,
Pull off your coat,
And throw it in the corner,
And dance a little longer.

Bert, the youngest boy, said, "I like 'Old Dan Tucker', Granddaddy." Then the other boy took up the cry, too. This was:

Old Dan Tucker clumb a tree,
For his Lord and God to see;
Clumb to the top and the limb did break,
And he never seen his Lord at all.

Yaddle, daddle, doo-dum-day,
Yaddle, daddle, doo-dum,
Yaddle, daddle, doo-dum,
Yaddle, daddle, doo-dum-day.

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
Washed his face in a frying pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died with the toothache in his heel.

Granddaddy Roberts came up with a rhyme next:

Aught is an aught,
A figure is a figure.
Biggest 'possum,
Biggest nigger.

I do not know just how long this continued, because I had to leave for school. But this is a common occurrence in the Roberts' family, and may continue for thirty minutes or more.

When we sat down for dinner that night, Bert, the youngest boy, asked the blessing:

Father, we thank thee for this food,
Bless us all and help us to be good.

Granddaddy Roberts raised his head, then said:

Bless your heart and bless your skin,
Open your mouth and poke it in.

He then gave one of his hearty laughs. Of course the boys did likewise. Mother Roberts had an annoyed frown on her face, and the mother of the child did not seem too pleased, but she didn't say anything. I laughed at the contrast, but that is typical of Granddaddy Roberts.

While we were eating he said, "When I was a boy, we just had biscuits for breakfast on Sunday morning. The rest of the time we had cornbread. So we named cornbread, 'Johnny Constant', and biscuits, 'Billy Seldom.' Now what do you think about that?"

One of the children dropped something he was eating and his granddaddy made this remark:

I never had a piece of bread,
Particularly big and wide,
But what it fell,
And *always* on the buttered side.

Some of his favorite ways of calling us at meal time are, "Come and get it," or "Bring on the biscuits". And today he put his head in at the door and began to sing:

Won't you come ride with me in my little red wagon?
Then we'll coast down the hill to the ocean.

Another time we were gathered in the yard eating homemade ice cream. After we had finished and were sitting around talking, he and the boys started singing again. Some of the songs were those with actions, and these were acted out as they were sung.

I wonder what I'll be when I grow up some day,
Perhaps I'll be a tailor.
I'd rather be a sailor,
To sail the ocean blue when I grow up some day.

This was followed by:

Froggy in the meadow can't get him out,
Take a little stick and stir him about.
Froggy, froggy, where you be,
Froggy you stay here and I'll go see.

Many of the songs that I have already given were sung again. Granddaddy Roberts always has more fun than anyone else, no matter what the occasion.

I got him talking about customs of long ago. This was one I had never heard about. He said, "You know long ago those Baptists used to go in droves to big meetings that were being held. They would stay with the families round about. We had a big bunch of them at Pappy's house once. We took out all the furniture from one room. And by golly! they put straw all over the floor and covered

this with blankets. The women folks slept in here. Then we fixed a little cabin we had out back of the house in the same way for the men."

He then told a story, based on a folk belief. "You know it was believed that if you went into the garden on the first morning in May and said:

Here I stand picking sage.

Who will come and pick with me?

that your sweetheart—the girl you would marry—would come and join you.

"Well, one of Grandpappy's grandsons was a-visiting him. He thought he would try it out. So he went into the garden on the first morning of May. The garden had about a seven-foot fence around it, as lots of the gardens were fixed back then, and back of the garden was a cemetery.

"Grandpappy put a sheet around him and slipped out the back door of the house and into the garden. And when the boy, Jim was his name, went into the garden and began to say:

Here I stand picking sage.

Who will come and pick with me?

Grandpappy stepped out all dressed up in this sheet—and it scared Jim so bad that he jumped that damn seven-foot fence. He came running into the house, and was a lot whiter than the sheet that Grandpappy was wearing, and was hollering, 'Jo Skinner is out there!' Now Joe Skinner was an old man that had been buried in that cemetery back of the garden. Now that is the honest-to-God truth! Jim jumped that seven-foot fence!"

As a final sample here is a story Granddaddy Roberts told me on another occasion. He said he heard it from his mother, to whom it had been told as a true experience of many years before.

The Thumping Ghost

There was an old woman and man who were very poor and lived in an old, tumbled-down, dirty house. The old woman was so ugly that she looked like a witch. The children of the community called her "Old Witch." She became ill and died, and a short while afterward the old man became ill and died.

As was the custom in those days, some of the neighbors gathered at the house to "set up" with the corpse. Along about midnight they heard a noise that sounded like someone walking on the stairsteps. The noise went "thump, thump, thump"—just like footsteps. They listened—everyone holding his breath—to see if they could hear it again. There was the "thump-thump-thump" again. The people be-

came scared, thinking the old woman who looked so much like a witch had come back to "haint" them. They all left, leaving the corpse in the house all alone.

Another group of people came in to "set up" a spell. (It was the custom for some people to stay the first half of the night, and another group to come to stay the last half of the night.) Not knowing what had happened to scare the other people away, they were all sitting around talking—when they too heard the "thump-thump-thump" on the stairway. They too became frightened, thinking the house was "hainted." Some of them ran out of the house as fast as they could run. One elderly man, who was not afraid, asked them not to run away and leave the corpse alone; but they were so scared that they all left, and he found himself all alone in the house.

He decided that he would see if he could find the ghost, if there was one, and went to the door leading up the rickety stairway. He SLOWLY opened the door, frightened even though he pretended to be so brave before the others, and there—was a big rat pushing a large sweet potato down the steps. The "thump-thump-thump" was made by the potato falling from step to step.

Granddaddy Roberts could continue for hours with yarns of this kind. He tells a tale at the most unexpected times. He sings as he goes about his work, usually a song that is about the kind of work he is doing. To know him has been a wonderful experience for me, for in him folklore is both living and lively.

(Contributed to the Folklore Archive, Murray State College, Summer 1952. Edited by Herbert Halpert.)

Spring Hill Decoration Day

By THELMA LYNN LAMKIN

On the third Saturday of May all the people of Spring Hill Community in Hickman County, Kentucky, meet at the cemetery to clean up the graves before Decoration Day. In our community we put sheep in the graveyard to keep the grass cut evenly. If we hire people to mow the grass, they leave the grass tall around the tombstones, but the sheep nibble that grass down even with the rest covering the cemetery. Next the people have to clean up the "evidence" that proves sheep have been there. Then the people clean up the twigs, dead limbs, and cedar needles from the cedar and maple trees that shade the cemetery fence, gate and center drive.

If tombstones have partly fallen over or are loose, the men carefully put them back into position. The Spring Hill people do not want a tombstone to fall on a child like one fell on Sue Wilson a few years ago. Parents turn their children loose in the graveyard on Decoration Day, and a person never knows what a child will try to do.

Late on Saturday afternoon many people begin to bring flowers so the graves will look pretty for the next day. Even if they do not bring the flowers to the graveyard, they cut all the flowers that will stay pretty after being cut, and place them in jars, tubs, and barrels of water.

Early Sunday morning the women get up and go cut the flowers that would have wilted or shattered over night. As soon as breakfast is done and the housework is finished, every one goes to the cemetery to decorate the graves before church time.

The closer a person was kin to the decorator, the larger the number of pretty flowers put on his grave. The graves of the immediate members of the family are covered with vases filled with beautiful flowers. The rest of the kinfolds have to be satisfied with jars and tin cans to hold the flowers on their graves. Some people scatter flowers over the grave without any water. I have never liked this method of decorating for the flowers wilt as soon as the sun strikes them. Other people push the stems in the ground and leave them looking as if they grew there. The flowers used are mostly roses, peonies, iris and baby iris, although smaller quantities of sweet williams, sweet peas, lilies of the valley, bleeding hearts, pinks, lilies, late March flowers, gladioluses, and pansies are used.

In all my years of going to Decoration Day at Spring Hill, I have never seen more than a dozen "bought wreaths." One family out of all the people in the Spring Hill community puts an artificial wreath on the "family plot" each year, but it is always the same wreath. They save it and use it again the next year.

Every year my grandmother, Mrs. Kate Lamkin, worries about how quickly the flowers are opening up. She always says, "All the flowers will be gone before Decoration Day this year." All the elderly neighbors agree. However, when the third Saturday in May comes, there are always enough flowers for all our kinfolks' graves, and some to give to people who do not have big flower gardens.

By ten o'clock Sunday, all the grave decorators leave the graveyard and go to Sunday School. There was never much worshipping done by the young people, for we always kept one eye cocked at the window to see how many strange cars turned in on the schoolground. The old schoolhouse used to stand in front of the graveyard. Now people use the schoolground for a parking lot, because most of it is shaded by the maple trees around the edge of the cemetery.

The girls also spend part of the Sunday School class discussing their new clothes. The people around my home until recently dressed finer on Decoration Day than on Easter. All the girls usually have new shoes, bags, and hats as well as new dresses.

During the preaching service people continue to arrive, for you can hear the gravel as the cars turn in. As far as I can remember, the preacher has always preached a regular sermon instead of talking about Decoration Day. The only concession he makes is that he lets church out early so people can go home and eat before one o'clock. After dinner the neighborhood people begin to go to the cemetery.

By one o'clock most of the young people of the community have arrived. This is a special "courting day" to them. The girls stay together at first and walk miles over the graveyard, supposedly admiring the "beautiful flowers," but really to catch the eyes of the young men who are admiring the "flowers" only a short distance away. When the cemetery becomes dotted with groups of people, the girls go tell Mother, "We're gonna go sit in the car for a while." Since there are not many young girls in the Spring Hill community, all of us used to pile into the same car.

It was never long before two, or three, or four boys drifted by, stopped to say "hello," and stayed. Soon all the young men of the community are either around the car or in cars close by. If this sitting in the car does not bring the boys around, the girls find a cute baby

to play with. Then the timid boys who won't come to talk to us have an excuse—they come to play with the baby.

The next thing you know there are boys and girls in all the cars. The couples and groups of boys and girls sit and talk until all the little kids of the community come to stand around the cars and make bright remarks.

Then comes another tour of the cemetery—with one major difference: boys and girls now walk together. Some couples walk by themselves, while in other groups there may be one or two girls and six or seven boys.

Just as the group reaches the gate, Mother, Daddy, Grandmother or someone else you have to listen to, spies you and rushes you off to meet your "fifteenth cousin twice removed" who had never seen you but is "just dying to see Linnie's little granddaughter." By the time you can politely escape, the boys have decided to go. This means go down to the creek to get "cooled off." It is usually about two hours before they again appear on the scene. They are just as well-dressed as before, but seem to look and feel slightly damp.

The older people of the community stand around in scattered groups and talk. They discuss how long "Willie" has been dead, keep an eye on what girl is with what boy, and compare this Decoration Day to the one last year, and the year before that, and so on, back to the time when they too were young courting couples.

The old men of the community always sit around on the bench at the right hand side of the gate. Here they compare the beauty of their respective granddaughters and great-granddaughters. A young girl is always called over by her grandfather or great-grandfather at least once during the afternoon so that he can brag about her when she leaves. These old men also reminisce, but their main activity is spinning yarns. I can remember hiding behind the little house that holds the graveyard tools when I was very small, and listening to them talk. They tell tall tales, ghost stories, and also give exaggerated pictures of "the good ole time" of their own childhood.

People come to Spring Hill Decoration Day from miles around. We always have people from Clinton, Arlington, Milburn and Bardwell.¹ This year people came from Wood River; Lawrenceburg, Ten-

¹ In a letter dated December 10, 1951, Miss Lamkin notes that in addition to Spring Hill, "on third Sunday of May . . . Milburn, Clinton, Arlington, Oakwood and Bardwell have Decoration Day." She adds that the reasons are: that not only are more flowers out on that Sunday than any other, but also that "many people come down and visit several different churches during the one day" who otherwise could not do so.—H. H.

nessee; St. Louis, Missouri; Memphis, Tennessee; Texas and Florida. Every son or daughter of Spring Hill community wants to be, tries to be, and usually is at Decoration Day.

I can give an example of this effort to be at home on Decoration Day. The Spring Hill boys have a baseball team and play somewhere every Sunday. May 14th they played Columbus at Columbus. That team wanted to come to Spring Hill and play the next Sunday. The Spring Hill boys agreed, until one remembered it was Decoration Day. "We can't play 'cause there will be too many cars around and on the baseball diamond," he explained. The Columbus boy then asked, "Why not play at Clinton?" The first baseman for Spring Hill replied, "And miss Decoration Day? No, sir! Not us!"

Usually about the middle of the afternoon, the people who love singing drift into the Methodist church and sing for about an hour. They sing "out of" the church book, but only because there are never enough "Vaughn books" to go around. Most people leave their song books at home, because they clean out the car to make it look nice for Decoration Day, and then forget to put the song books back in. By the time we finish singing, the church is half full of listeners.

People begin to leave to go home about five o'clock, but I have been by the cemetery as late as six-thirty or seven o'clock and have seen a few cars still there. Some people wait until late when it is cool to bring their elderly parents, grandparents, or people who have been sick, to see how pretty the graveyard looks.

Monday morning everyone agrees that this was "the best Decoration Day we have ever had. The flowers were prettier, more people came and everyone had a better time." Then we begin to look forward to Decoration Day next year.

(Contributed to the Folklore Archive, Murray State College, Spring 1950.)

Swapping Work¹

By JAMES G. SHELTON

In 1948 I bought a farm out in the Lisman Community of Webster County, Kentucky. This community was located about a mile southwest of Lisman on a gravel highway. It was easy to run to Lisman to get the supplies we needed. There were two stores there that handled general merchandise and had nearly anything that a farmer needed. There were six other farms close by which, along with mine, comprised the neighborhood.

The countryside in this community is rolling. The soil is chiefly clay, but there are a few stretches of good bottom land. They grew corn, wheat, soybeans and tobacco. In livestock they had horses, cattle, hogs, and chickens. There was one flock of sheep about five miles from this community, but none were raised here.

The people in this community had lived in and around there all of their lives. Their roots were deep, and they wouldn't leave for anything.

They all had gardens large enough for their own personal use. In the gardens they usually grew peas, beans, sweet corn, tomatoes, potatoes, cabbages, carrots and cucumbers. They ate fresh vegetables from the garden, and what they didn't use, they canned for winter. The men broke the gardens and got them ready to plant; the women dropped the seed for the men to cover with the plow. After the garden was out, the women did the rest. There was no commercial gardening in this neighborhood.

Upon talking with my neighbors I learned all the owners of these farms swapped work the year around. They asked me if I wanted to do this too. I was glad to, because I had never farmed a day in my life.

This community was unusual, and one of the finest you'll ever see. We never hesitated to call on our neighbors for anything. The first man who was ready for any job that needed extra hands would tell us either the afternoon before, or that night, that he wanted us to help him. I never remember a time in the three years I lived there

¹ For swapping work customs in another area see Guy Kirtley, "Hoping Out' in East Texas," in *Texian Stomping Grounds* (Publications of the Texas Folk-lore Society, No. XVII; Austin, 1941), pp. 26-32.—H. H.

that they didn't come cheerfully and willingly to do whatever they could.

I found there were three main reasons for swapping work: First, no one farm had all the equipment it needed, but together we had enough to do any job. One had a combine, another a corn picker, and so on. Second, labor was hard to find, and the cost was too high for farmers to pay. The kind of men you could find wouldn't want to do an honest day's work. Third, all the men in the neighborhood *liked* to work with their neighbors. By swapping work we were able to get each job done faster, and still enjoy companionship.

We swapped work any time of the year that extra help was needed. Here are some of the jobs for which this was done.

In tobacco we swapped work in setting, cutting, and stripping. We usually set the tobacco in early May after a good rain; we cut it the last of August or first of September; and then we stripped it from the first of December to the last of January, depending on when we had enough rain to get the tobacco "in order."

Hog killing was another job. We began after the first heavy frost, usually in November, and continued, at intervals of one to three weeks, through January. We would kill one man's hogs at a time. Whoever killed first would lend the rest of us fresh meat of any kind we wanted. It would usually be sausage, backbones or ribs. When we killed, in turn, we would pay this back. In this way we all had fresh meat during the hog-killing season.

Hay baling was usually done during the latter part of the summer. We would take our mowers to the man's field and help him cut his hay. After it was cured, we would all help rake it; and after it was baled, we would all help haul it to the barn.

We always swapped work in ringing and cutting hogs, because each farmer had from thirty to a hundred head. Both ringing and cutting were done the same day so we wouldn't have to catch the hog more than once. Since there were two pig crops, spring and fall, the jobs were done all through the year as soon as the hogs got large enough.

All the jobs I have mentioned required all the men in the Lisman community. There were some jobs where only a few men were needed.

Corn was usually picked in October or November. Often a man did not need more than two neighbors to help. They gathered out the down rows, that is, the rows over which the tractor would run pulling the picker. If the weather got rainy or if snow came, how-

ever, before some neighbors got his corn out, we would all take our teams and help him gather it.

In fencing usually only two or three of the neighbors would swap work. Similarly with spring or fall sowing. We would help one man sow seeds, but if we didn't have any to sow, he would pay back by helping us do any other work that needed to be done.

Work on a farm is always hard, but we got it done and managed to have lots of fun along with it. When we were all together working, the conversation ran all the way from women to what we thought the crops would do that year. Stories would pop up when we were taking a "ten-minute break" under a shade tree. Two of us were veterans: one man was a veteran of World War I and I was in World War II. We were always swapping yarns about our experiences in the army and when we were overseas.

When seven men are working in a field, there are always lots of jokes told. One of the men in this neighborhood was very religious, and we used to tell him some of the biggest lies we could think of. When he was around, we would tell dirty jokes and swear, and about all he would say was, "Mercy! Mercy!"

We played pranks on the more unsuspecting men. Some of these were pretty mean. During hog killing, or when we were fairly close to the house doing work, this same neighbor had to urinate a lot, and he would always slip around a corner. Just about the time he got started, one of the men would try to talk like a woman, or else would pretend to be talking to the woman of the house. We would say, "Good morning, Mrs. So-and-So. How are your chickens laying?" He would always come running around the corner.

Occasionally the women suffered too. One morning as we were going to work at one neighbor's house, the woman of the house, who was known in the community as being very proper, came out to empty the "white thundermug", and she didn't hear us. Just as we got near, one of the men hollered out, "Hey, as soon as you get that big white rooster's neck off and get him cooked, we'll be back for dinner." She was extremely embarrassed, and we kidded her about it for a long time.

When we were going to help someone, we would always carry the water to the field in thermos bottles, or in a three-gallon wooden keg provided by the man we were helping. Whether or not we had dinner at the man's house usually depended on the length of time it would take to do the work. If we were going to be there all day, the woman of the house would prepare the noon meal.

At these meals they would usually serve us two kinds of meat,

chicken and pork, along with vegetables fresh out of the garden, or, in the winter, from what the woman had canned. There would be lots of biscuits and corn bread, with plenty of hot coffee. For dessert there would be pie, cake and fruit salad. The woman of the house did all the cooking herself, except when there was a hog killing or hay baling. Then she would get some neighbor women to help.

After I sold the farm in January of 1951, the people of all the Lisman country gave us a going-away supper at the schoolhouse in Lisman. I don't know whether it was because they were glad to get rid of us or sorry to see us leave, but it was the biggest feed I have ever seen. It was potluck style, and consisted of all the dishes I had ever heard of, along with a few new ones. There were over a hundred people there, and each one brought from one to three different dishes of food, so you can imagine how much food there was.

(Contributed to the Folklore Archive, Murray State College, Fall 1951. Edited by Herbert Halpert.)

The 'Sosayshun-Annual Baptist Meeting¹

By WILLIAM McELRATH

It started before the automobile age. It started even before the horse-and-buggy days. It started back when preachers "made the rounds" on horseback, carrying their Bibles, hymnbooks, and other necessities in their saddlebags.

"It" is the Blood River Association of Baptists, a voluntary non-ruling union of Baptist churches in Calloway and Marshall Counties of southwestern Kentucky. This Association was formed in October, 1870, and has met each autumn since then.

As a group of co-operating Baptists, the Blood River Association has been treated quite fully by the late Dr. J. E. Skinner in a 250-page history. However, the Association was (and is, to a lesser extent) more than that. It was an October calendar custom which changed the lives of the good Baptist folk (and those of other denominations, too!) in the community where it met.

Preparation for entertaining would begin a year in advance, as soon as it was known that "the 'Sosayshun will meet with our church nex' fall." It was quite a big affair for the country churches—probably the biggest of the year. And, indeed, the Association was no small meeting; the clerk's record for 1886 states as a cold fact that 3,000 people were in attendance for Sunday services and "dinner on the ground."

One of those present that day stated that it was the largest crowd he ever saw gathered on the grounds of a country meeting house. Three brethren were appointed to preach to various segments of the multitude, but the group acted more like one gathered to see a circus parade than one gathered for worship. This eyewitness went on to say that the majority of the people could not have heard a sermon if they had tried to, and therefore spent the hour walking about the grounds and visiting with one another.

Other records speak of men being appointed to preach to the overflow crowd "at the stand in the grove," "in the tent," "in the courthouse," or "in the Methodist church across the street."

¹ This paper was revised from the text originally contributed to the Folklore Archive, Murray State College, Fall 1951. In its present form this essay was part of the folklore collection for which Mr. McElrath received second prize from the American Folklore Society in the 1952 competition for the Jo Stafford Prize in American Folklore. The paper is published here through the courtesy of The American Folklore Society.—H. H.

In the early days, the meeting began on Friday morning with the "annual sermon," and continued through Saturday. As the years went on, it sometimes lasted over the week end, was then changed to Wednesday through Friday, and finally to Wednesday and Thursday.

Many of the messengers (not delegates: Southern Baptists never delegate authority to anybody!) and their families had to stay in homes near the meeting place, for they lived too far away to commute daily. Often the Baptists in the community were too few to take care of all the visitors, and members of other churches stepped in to help.

Traditional features of the Association's meeting, besides the already-mentioned "annual sermon" and "dinner on the ground," were the reading of letters (reports) from the churches, the reports of various committees, and discussion of the report of the committee on the Orphans' Home by Brother J. L. "Bob" Mann.²

For a number of years, Brother Mann almost invariably rose to present the plight of The Orphan in a tearful appeal for contribution. An offering usually followed.

Brother Mann was apparently well known for his weeping propensities. The story is told that he came home from the Association one year and told his wife, "It was a good meeting. I cried and I cried!" The good spouse replied, "Bob, you know you always cry."³

Another legend relates that Brother Mann was preaching in fine fettle at old Wadesboro Church one Sunday. He had tears on his cheeks and tears in his voice. An old Negro woman, a member of the church, was sitting at the back, and she too burst into tearful lamentations.

The preacher, concerned, went to her and said, "Sister, is there anything I can do for you? Are you in trouble? Do you need to repent?" Controlling her sorrow, the woman answered, "Oh Lawdy! My husban' done died awhile back, an' then about two weeks ago my ol' jack [male donkey] died, an' yo' voice remin's me so much o' my ol' jack!" And she went again into a paroxysm of grief.⁴

² "J. L. 'Bob' Mann" is a pseudonym, used at the request of my grandmother, who did not want to hurt the feelings of the braying parson's many Calloway kinfolks.—W. McE.

³ There are a number of humorous tales told about easy weepers, especially preachers, politicians and lawyers. Usually the punch line resembles that in this story, and mocks the tearful one. Compare for example the Rockcastle County story given by Allan M. Trout, in his column, "Greetings", *Louisville Courier-Journal*, May 11, 1951. One politician reminds his companion of the time they joined a funeral procession. His companion says: "I remember you cried and cried. But I don't believe you was tetchted one bit."—H. H.

⁴ As far as I know, this is the first report from the United States of this international folktale: Type 1834, *The Clergyman With the Fine Voice*, in Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, *The Types of the Folk-Tale* (F.F.C. No.

Brother Mann's tears were long a fixture at the Association.

The meeting of 1908 with Flint Springs Church in north central Calloway County may be taken as typical in some ways. There was widespread disapproval when it was reported in 1907 that "the 'Sosayshun's gonna meet at Flint nex' year." The members of Flint, which was a young, struggling church, doubted if they could entertain the messengers, and people from the rest of the Association did not think so, either.

But Monroe Thomas, one of the pillars of the church, felt sure it could be done. His widow, Mary Thomas, recalls well a conversation between her husband and his close friend and neighbor, Genie Gilbert.

"Genie, *we'll* take care o' that 'Sosayshun, an' *show* 'em whether we can or not."

"Yes *sir*! I'm gonna get ol' Uncle John Curd an' his wife to come help us with the cookin'. How 'bout you-all, Monroe?"

"Well, I'm gonna get a darky too: 'Lizy Curd. An' I'm aimin' to kill a beef an' a mutton."

"I'm gonna kill a mutton an' a hog."

"An' Genie, le's get a waginload o' that loaf bread like they make in the bak'ries!"

The Thomases alone made preparations to sleep twenty-seven messengers: those from Salem, West Fork, and Gilbertsville. Besides the regular beds, they laid "Baptist pallets" on the floor—only straw beds, but there were feather pillows and plenty of covers.

And the cooking! Mrs. Thomas remembers it well: "On Monday an' Tuesday o' that week, 'Lizy an' me stewed the meat in my big black wash-kittle. We set it up outside on bricks an' built a fire under it. We finished cookin' parts of it in a flat pan in my big box stove. An' then, we had a corncrib fulla punkins. We stewed a lot of 'em in that kittle, an' packed 'em in a fourteen-gallon stone jar.

"We baked cakes an' put up pickles an' we made pies for dinner-on-the groun'. I remember we made some egg custards an' p'tater custards. ('Egg custard' and 'p'tater custard' are what would ordinarily be called 'custard pie' and 'sweet potato pie,' but Mrs. Thomas explained that 'A custard's jus' got one crust; a pie has two.')

"On Tuesday evenin', Genie an' Monroe went to Murray an'

74; Helsinki, 1928). For other versions see *Mery Tales, Wittie Questions and Quicke Answers* (London, 1567), reprinted in *Shakespeare Jest-Books*, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1864), I, 45-46; Robert Ford, *Thistledown: A Book of Scotch Humour, Character, Folk-Lore, Story & Anecdote* (New York, n.d.; preface dated 1891), pp. 99-100; Elsie Clews Parsons, *Folk-Lore of the Antilles, French and English, Part III* (Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society, Vol XXVI; New York, 1943), p. 331 (2 summaries).—H.H.

come back with a good-size box the shape of a coffin. When Uncle John Curd at Genie's seen it, he said, "'Twouldn't s'prise me none if theah was a body in theah.' But that box 'uz plum' fulla loaf bread!

"Later on that evenin', we saw somethin' comin' from Genie's. It 'uz Liz Curd, Uncle John's wife. She had her cheeks all painted red an' a white kerchief over her head, an' she looked like a varmint if there ever was one.

"When she got up to us, she said, 'I've thought of a way to keep the food from runnin' out when they suhve dinnah on the groun'. I'll mahch up an' down the road in front o' the chuhch, an' it'll scahe all the folks away!"

"The messengers started comin' in Tuesday night. Some of 'em brought their whole fam'lies. But there was a awful drouth that fall—hadn' rained since Augus'—an' the farmers aroun' Lynn Grove had to haul water. That cut down the crowd a lot. With them twen'y-seb'n beds, we didn't have but twelve or fourteen to stay with us.

"On Wednesday, I drove to church in the buggy an' carried all the food. Monroe an' 'Lizy had to walk! An' even if Flint *was* a poor church, it 'uz gen'rally said that there 'uz more food at that dinner on the groun' than had ever been seen at any other 'Sosayshun.

"We had *more* fun all through that 'Sosayshun! I remember we fried up some o' that stewed punkin an' served it with ribs, an' everybody jus' loved it. Nex' mornin', I served it again with sausage, an' said, 'You may think it's awful to serve punkin at breakfas', but you seem to like it, an' we got a kittleful of it to get rid of!' They all laughed, an' ate it, too.

"When they 'uz commencin' to go home on Friday, we give 'em some big punkins to take home with 'em. Del Jones 'uz one o' the messengers, an' we kep' on givin' him punkins to put in his buggy till he said, s' funny-like, 'Don't b'lieve to my *soul* we c'n take another 'un!"

"Jus' as ever'body got back home that day, there come the firs' rain since Augus'—such a nice, big gen'le rain. An' it seem' like it helt off jus' long enough for 'em to get back home!"

Blood River Association will meet again next October. There will be sessions on Wednesday and Thursday, with "dinner-on-the-ground." But now, of course, everyone drives home when the afternoon session is over. No longer is "the 'Sosayshun" the biggest event of the calendar year.

My School Days

By LUCILLE S. MITCHELL

I spent my first six years of school (1928-1934) at Russell Creek School, a one-room school which served the surrounding area in Green County, Kentucky. Both my mother and father had attended this grammar school. Conditions in my day were much the same as in theirs.

When I went to grade school, each school had only one trustee who supervised it. In those days, and even the first year I taught (1942), one had to have special influence with the trustee to obtain a school.

All this has completely changed during the past fifteen years. The county schools have been consolidated, and now there are only five grade schools in all of Green County. Today one central high school, located in Greensburg, the county seat, serves both the city and the county. There is no distinction made between city and county pupils.

Instead of an all-powerful individual trustee for each school, there is now a county board which hires and fires the teachers. Instead of our home-prepared cold dinners, the federal government has made it possible to serve hot lunches and milk at school. These and other changes make my paper a report of past customs.

* * * *

School always began in July, so that most of the term would be finished before the cold weather began and the dirt roads became muddy. Some children walked three miles to school. This meant starting to school before daylight and returning after dark on bad days when the night seems to come early. Too, the room was heated in winter by a wood stove, and it was never very comfortable away from the stove.

My first day of school still stands out vividly in my memory, as, I suppose, do all "first" days of school. It was an important day in my life because I had looked forward for so long to becoming old enough to go to school. It was an important day in the community life too, because it was one of the few occasions when the people had a chance to visit with everybody at one time. All the parents came to see the new teacher and to get a list of the books and supplies needed for the coming year. In those days there were no free textbooks, and all books had to be purchased at the county seat, Greensburg, twelve miles away. Since there were only dirt roads and very few cars in the community, it was difficult to obtain books.

On this first day there was really no school. After the teacher had welcomed the parents and friends, one of the ministers of the community gave a devotional. The trustee always gave a talk on the prospects for the coming year. Then school had officially begun, and we were dismissed. We all went home, but only after the adults had finished visiting with their neighbors.

My first teacher was a very dear older lady of the community, who had taught for years. She rarely had to punish anyone. But during my six years there were those who failed to do the bidding of other teachers that we had, and these evildoers were punished in one of many ways. In severe cases the boy himself was sent to get a suitable switch with which to be whipped. If he brought in one that was too small, it infuriated the teacher, and he would receive real punishment. So it was much the wiser thing to bring in one that was oversized, thus softening the teacher's heart by showing repentance. Girls were never whipped, but were punished, if necessary, by "staying in," or in one of the ways used for lesser offences.

These offences that were less heinous were sometimes punished by "toeing the mark." A line was drawn on the blackboard high enough so that the culprit could reach it with the tips of his fingers only by stretching, sometimes with one hand, sometimes with both hands. Another punishment was called "Nose in the ring." A ring would be drawn on the blackboard high enough so that it could just be reached with the nose. The offender must stand with his nose in the ring and his hands behind him. In either case one stood until the teacher said it was enough.

One teacher punished by standing the child in the corner, sometimes at the front of the room and sometimes behind the door that led to the cloak-room, where coats and lunches were kept. She also sent children to stay in the cloak-room with the door closed. One day some boys jumped out of the window. She did not go after them, but when they came back, they were punished severely.

On "pretty days", until it was too cool, we ate our dinners outside under the big beech trees. Usually every one had his special seat on the roots or stumps of the trees. The girls and most of the boys ate together. We brought "dinners," never "lunches."

The containers in which the dinners were brought to school were very different. Some wrapped their dinners in paper or put them in paper bags. Sometimes it was packed in a shoebox if there was no paper bag. Others had dinner boxes. Some of these dinner boxes were square, and some were the regular lunch kits, complete with a ther-

mos bottle. Of course there was one girl who had the traditional dinner basket—the same one her mother had used. One family of children were very poor and had no paper for wrapping lunches, so these children used four-pound lard buckets as lunch kits through all their years of school. These were truly dinner buckets!

The dinners were all very much alike. In summer there were fruit and vegetables from the gardens. In winter fruit was rare, and then it must be divided with special friends, if not with everyone. The meals usually consisted of some kind of meat: sausage, ham, bacon, or chicken—that was eaten with biscuit. "Light bread" or "loaf bread" was a rarity that one got when mother or grandmother made occasional trips to town. Then there was always buttered biscuit with something sweet: jam, jelly, sugar, or preserves. My favorite was blackberry jam with "melted biscuit." We always said "melted biscuit" instead of buttered biscuit, because when the butter was put in the hot biscuit it melted. Sometimes there was pie or cake. Many children preferred leftover vegetables: beans, peas, potatoes, corn, or sweet potatoes, and cornbread, to sandwiches. Some part of the lunch was usually left to eat at afternoon recess and on the way home from school.

Even during our first year at school we had fights on the way home. There were two girls about my age who wore plaits, and we liked nothing better than to pull their pigtales. Of course this made them mad, and a fight was sometimes the result.

When these arguments resulted in fights, they were usually gang fights: one gang against another. The gangs were boys and girls who fought alike. Girls' hair was pulled, and fists were used. It was a free-for-all fight—any way to win. There was no special code when girls were fighting.

During my second year in school, my father bought me a pony to ride to school. Then the other children enjoyed teasing the pony, making him jump and run. This too caused fights sometimes. I especially remember hitting one boy over the head with my dinner box because he made my pony kick.

Friday afternoons were special. We usually were "let out" a little early, which was the most important fact of all. The noon playtime was usually longer than the regular hour. During noon hour the young people of the community came to play and to stay the afternoon. One teacher we had would read aloud to us, but it was hard to entertain everyone with the same story. The little children would squirm, or the older ones were bored.

There were spelling bees or arithmetic matches that were fun. In either, the entire school, and visitors too if they wanted to play, divided into two groups, chosen by the captains. In the spelling bee words were given out to the first one on either side. If you spelled the word, you remained standing; but if you missed, you took your seat. Words were given out to the alternate sides until only one person was left standing.

The arithmetic match was much the same. Problems of addition, subtraction, division, or multiplication were worked on the black-board by two opponents. The one finishing first tried to beat the next opponent. Everyone, at least on one side, had a "turn."

Sometimes on Friday everyone said "pieces."¹ This was especially true about Christmas time. They might be repeated again and again, or they might have been learned for Friday.

The smaller children usually said the pieces first, while the older ones listened and clapped. Some first or second grader usually came up to the stage and said:

As I walked out upon the stage,
My heart went pitty pat.
I thought I heard someone say,
"Whose pretty little girl is that?"

Other children might say:

Had a little mule and his name was Jack;
Put him in stable and he crawled out a crack.

Or:

Had a little dog, his name was Rover;
When he died, he died all over.

Many times someone older would give a more serious poem, perhaps one of Longfellow's:

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.

This was a favorite of smaller children too.

All during the year we had a great time playing at the morning and afternoon recess, and at noon. When school began in July, it was always hot and we were thrilled at just being together at school. We played what we called "town-ball." The game was very similar to soft ball, except that any number could play, and all members of one side must be "out" before the other side could come to "town" to bat. To do this more easily, anyone was "out" if the ball was thrown in front of him as he ran to the base. The rules were made, I suspect, to suit our situation.

¹ Compare Miss Roberts' article.—H. H.

Of course in those days there was no playground equipment as there is today on every schoolground. The balls and bats were ours. The bat was a flat board that had been shaped at one end so we could hold it. With the flat side of the sometimes six-inch board, the ball was easily hit. Since a rubber ball was used, it was easy to knock a home run.

We played ball day after day until we were tired of it, and could never finish a game without an argument. Then we would play "stealing sticks", "poison ivy", "fox-on-wood", "jail-house" (cops and robbers), and other favorite games.

In the fall when the leaves from the numerous beech trees covered the ground, all brown and crispy, we swept them in rows to form the "walls" of playhouses. Each girl or pair of girls had her "house." Sometimes the boys played with us in these playhouses, but soon they began to aggravate us by tearing up our houses. Then the teacher would make them play on the other side of the school building. We had our school and church. When the boys would not play with us, girls would take the parts of the preacher, song leader, and the men of the congregation.

When the weather was colder or rainy and we could not go outside, we played games inside the schoolhouse. "Blindfold", as we called blind-man's-bluff, or even "school" were favorites. We especially liked to play "smack-'em-out." Each girl chose the name of a boy who had just left the room. One at a time the boys came in and chose a girl to sit by. If he sat by the girl who had chosen his name, he was "stuck"; but, if he sat by the other girls, we all clapped our hands and he had to go out to wait his "turn" again. Sometimes the order was reversed and the boys sat inside while the girls went out of the room.

By the time we were tired of playing these games, in December, school was "out", and we had another six months to wait before we could go to school again.

(Contributed to the Folklore Archive, Murray State College, Fall, 1951. Edited by Herbert Halpert.)

Notes and Queries

Quest for a Legend

By FRANCES BALL

In 1949 I saw a Night-blooming *Cereus* blossom for the first time. My neighbor, Mrs. Annie Miller, had told everyone in our neighborhood in Sturgis (Union County, Kentucky) that her *Cereus* plant had a bud, and kept us posted as the bud developed.

One night the bud opened. Everyone came to look at the beautiful milk-white blossom. She said it represented Christ in the cradle, with a star at the center back.

Another year at a Rebekah Lodge Meeting, Mrs. Julia Lamb invited all who would to go to her home after lodge and watch her Night-blooming *Cereus* buds open. There were seven buds on her plant, and those who had seen a blossom told how beautiful and fragrant the blossoms were, and that they always closed by dawn.

This summer, while collecting folklore, I tried to find out *why* they say it is the Christ Child in the cradle with a star.

First, I wrote to a close friend at home and asked her to find out from Mrs. Miller. When I went home for the Fourth of July vacation, this friend told me she had asked Mrs. Miller and then several other friends, but none of them knew why. I asked my next door neighbor, then two others in the next block. No, they never heard why, but Mrs. Carter, farther down the block, could tell me; she had given them slips from her plant.

So next morning I asked Mrs. Carter. No, she had never heard why, but, again, "The blossom is so beautiful and the Child, cradle, and star are so plain. Once I kept a blossom in the refrigerator for a week."

I asked everyone who I knew had one of the plants, or had seen the blossom. One said, "No, it isn't a star; it is a cross." Another said, "It is so beautiful: the Child, the Cradle and the Halo."

One fellow teacher said, "Call Betty Wells. She will know." Knowing that Mrs. Wells is an authority on flowers both tame and wild, I called her. "Yes, it is a beautiful thing, but I've never heard any story about why they are in the blossom."

As a last desperate try before I started back to Murray on the afternoon of the third day, I called Mrs. Julia Lamb. "Yes, indeed the Christ-Child-in-the-cradle and the star are clearly seen, and the blossom *throbs* as it opens. We now keep the big plant in the shop

next door, and no one bothered to watch this year when the eleven buds opened. No, I've never heard *why* it is said to be the Christ-in-the-Cradle."

Neither can the many I've asked in Murray tell me the legend.

(Contributed to the Folklore Archive, Murray State College, Summer 1953. The folk belief that in the blossom of the Night-blooming *Cereus* one can see the Christ Child in the cradle, with a star (or cross, or halo) in the background, is not reported by the Rev. Hilderic Friend, *Flowers and Flower Lore*, 3rd ed. (London, 1886), pp. 234-35, where the plant is described. It would be interesting to know how widely this belief is held, and whether or not there is an origin legend connected with it. This note by Miss Ball gives us an amusing report of the trials of any collector of folklore.—H. H.)

Going to See Lillian

By ANNE PENICK

About two miles east of Murray, on the highway to Hopkinsville, is a little side road on which stands a deserted farmhouse. Every year one or two freshman boys are induced to go to this house by the following trick.

The upperclassmen tell selected freshmen stories of a girl named Lillian who is supposed to live there. They say that you can really have a lot of fun with Lillian if her father is away. Her father is a traveling man. But, they say, if Lillian's father is at home, you'd just better not go near the place! They keep on with stories of Lillian's willing charms until the freshman boys are begging them to take them to see Lillian.

Finally one night the upperclassmen reluctantly consent, but they warn the boys of the danger should Lillian's father be at home. The boys assure the upperclassmen that they are willing to take the risk.

When the car drives up, the house is dark. The upperclassmen tell the boys that they are in luck. A dark house is a sign that the father is away, and Lillian is in bed. How convenient! They tell the freshmen to go up on the porch and holler for Lillian, and she'll come down.

Just as the boys holler, another upperclassman previously stationed there charges out, shining a flashlight in their faces to blind them. He holds a double barreled shotgun under their noses and roars: "Git outa here you — — —! If I ever catch you coming round my daughter ag'in, I'll kill you."

The terrified boys break for the car—which in some cases has already disappeared around the first bend of the road.

(Contributed to the Folklore Archive, Murray State College, Summer 1952. A South Carolina version of this hoax, played on a newcomer to the community, is reported by Hennig Cohen, "Going To See the Widow," *Journal of American Folklore*, LXIV (1951), 223. Two college reports, one from Louisiana, and a more elaborate form from Alabama, are given by Eli Sobel, *ibid.*, 420-421. Dr. Vance Randolph has an Ozark version in manuscript, and notes a published reference to a report from Missouri. There is an unpublished West Tennessee description in the Folklore Archive at Murray State College.—H. H.)

Book Reviews

Billy the Kid, the Bibliography of a Legend. J. C. Dykes. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1952). 186 pp. \$2.50.

If every American folk hero were bibliographically served in the manner Mr. Dykes has treated William Bonney, American folklore would take a long step forward. The present work suggests the fine chronology of Mike Fink references appended by Blair and Meine to their study of that hero; the diversified materials about Johnny Appleseed compiled by Robert Price; and Gladys Haney's assembling of Paul Bunyan items, unfortunately without a breakdown, in the *Journal of American Folklore*. For sheer bulk of the literature covered—and some 437 entries are listed—this descriptive tabulation of books, magazine articles, movies, sheet music, phonograph records, comic cartoons, poems and stage plays about the Kid eclipses all comparable undertakings. This kind of bibliographical spadework must precede any serious analysis of United States legendary heroes, shaped as they are by multifarious mass and local media. Mr. Dykes goes beyond simple enumeration and summary to indicate errors of fact, and their repetition by rewriters and popularizers. Hence his bibliography becomes a running commentary on the slender growth of factual knowledge about Bonney's life, and the vast multiplication of misstatement, partial embellishment, and pure fictionizing surrounding the little outlaw.

From the agglomeration of pioneer reminiscences, dime novels, short stories, and western histories, two quite distinct themes emerge. One concerns the factual episodes in Billy's short life, primarily his part in the Lincoln County War, his capture at Stinking Springs, his imprisonment and escape from jail, and his final sleuthing down by Sheriff Pat Garrett. The other simply utilizes the name and fame of Billy as a Western gunman to erect about him stock situations of Western fiction and myth. Under the first heading fall the scores of autobiographical recollections from oldtimers who knew the Kid or Garrett in the heyday of the range country; no two of these agree on details (p. 175). Under the second belong most of the Western stories and movies, where the Kid appears as a Robin Hood hero. The question arises as to which tradition constitutes the legend—or do both?—and as to what folklore elements can be described in this amorphous literature. (Mr. Dykes uses these terms rather vaguely, and implies by "legend" the total fabric woven around the Kid.) Variant

accounts of the Lincoln County War or of Billy's cattle-rustling exploits in themselves would not form legend, since all historical sources by eyewitnesses are bound to differ; one needs only consider the four Christian gospels, or the four versions of the same holdup in the fine Japanese movie *Rashomon*. Where however the growing magic of Billy's name induces reminiscence and enlarges error, especially through borrowing of picturesque apocrypha, then the legend process fairly operates. Mr. Dykes helpfully suggests this development, in listing dubious motifs included in Ash Upson's *Authentic Life of Billy the Kid* (1882), written the year after Billy's death to correct the journalistic and dime novel exaggerations already attached to the killer (pp. 16-17). But Upson related large tales himself, in crediting Billy with precocious killings, daring rescues, and frontier boasts, which stayed in print through many later retellings. So the best-known book about the Kid, Walter Noble Burns' *The Saga of Billy the Kid*, largely expands Upson, while relatively few readers know the sober autobiography of George W. Coe, Billy's best friend.

Historical error in itself does not create a folk hero, and we look for folklore motifs creeping into the narratives to justify Billy's present status. These appear in Billy's deadly aim, the quantity of men he slew, and reports that the Kid had not died but still walks his old haunts. The most fertile tales cluster about Billy's shooting prowess; he could hit a bear's eye when the bear was hardly visible; he decapitated snowbirds in flight; he once shot two men with his hands in his pockets; he could bark fence posts with bullets, riding past at break-neck speed. Whether Billy survives in oral yarns, like Pancho Villa, rather than in tourist inquiries, the Bibliography does not attest, a negative point that reduces Billy's claim to folk fame. In his classificatory index Mr. Dykes lists eight items under "Folklore," because they are published in folklore journals or anthologies; but these articles and reprints also are based on printed sources.

In analyzing Billy's treatment by Western cowpunchers, Sheriffs, rangers, and cattlemen, and their redactors, one deals with legend; in scrutinizing the Kid of movies, comic books, and dime novels, one handles myth. Half a dozen Hollywood stars have portrayed Billy—Buster Crabbe, Robert Taylor, Jack Beutel (with Jane Russell!), Audie Murphy, Roy Rogers—and behind their characterizations lies a sweeping Western myth of the frontier hunter and scout, cleverly traced out by Henry Nash Smith in *Virgin Land*. Billy of the myth is a good man, using his two-gun talents on the side of justice; Billy in the legend is a bad man, with a larger than life villainy.

Mr. Dykes provides the basic raw materials for appraising the legend and the myth. His bare plot summaries will deter any sensation seekers; historical criticisms and copious cross-references sharpen their reference value. Why Mr. Dykes labels so many titles issued by major publishers in recent years as "Rare" and "Scarce" is puzzling. Many local pamphlets and imprints he lists are unquestionably rare, and suggest the debt folklorists working with printed sources owe zealous collectors of popular and subliterate Americana.

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Richard M. Dorson

Indian Tales. Jaime de Angulo. Foreword by Carl Carmer. (New York: A. A. Wyn, 1953.) vii + 246 pp. \$3.75.

American Indian folktales are available in large numbers to a small public in careful and scholarly translations. A great many of them are charming in this form, capturing unawares even those students bent on ethnographic data or in search of some world-wide motif. One rarely loses the sense, however, that these tales are translations, in writing. Jaime de Angulo has done a book that is not ethnography and not, strictly speaking, folktale translation, but is thoroughly Indian and a real tale told, not written.

The framework is the journey of Bear, his wife Antelope, and children Fox Boy and baby Quail through what can be identified as Northern California. In the course of this relatively realistic journey of half-human, half-animal figures, in a party that grows gradually larger through the addition of friends and relatives, eight stories are told.

Indian Tales was not intended to be read literally or as document: "I wrote these stories several years ago, for my children, when they were little. Some of them I invented out of my own head. Some of them I remembered—at least, parts, which I wove in and out. Some parts I actually translated almost word for word. I have mixed tribes that don't belong together . . . So don't worry about it." It seems ungracious to go ahead and worry about it, but those who come to *Indian Tales* with a baggage of knowledge and interest in California folklore are not going to be able to help themselves. What they will find, roughly, is a story that might be told by Indians of a real journey through objective territory by real people, after the telling of it had been filtered through several generations and the real people become confused with the half-animals of folklore.

References to *Khalimatoto* (Thunderer) in the Kuksu ceremony make it possible to identify the Bear family with Pomo. Their home can be located near Clear Lake. They all set out on a trip to visit the sister of Antelope, who has married into the Crane people, and travel through the areas of Hawk people, Flint people, Grass, Fire, and Water people—who cannot be identified with anything. Bear's family is joined, en route, by Grandfather Coyote, Grizzly Bear and his daughter, and a party of Antelope people. They arrive at the land of the Cranes, who are clearly Yurok, and later Karok, and go to Katimin, a real Karok village on the Klamath River, where they watch the White Deerskin Dance and World-renewal Ceremony. Antelope is disappointed with her sister, who has "...changed too much; she was always talking about insults and payment for insults and money and valuable things." After this entirely credible touch, the party goes northwest, around Mt. Shasta, to what can be considered Grass Lake, where the Antelope leave to go to their home over the mountains. Then they cut south down the Adzumma (Pit) River to the village of Dalmooma, which is occupied by Wolves. (Dalmooma was an Achomawi village.) At Dalmooma they watch a fight between Wolves and Wildcats (Modoc) and then, with a Wolf boy, travel home, across the Sacramento valley and into the Coast range. Back in Bear territory, Fox Boy goes through the Kuksu initiation. After an easy winter, the party starts out north again, but before they reach Crane country, belief becomes unsuspended: Fox Boy begins (as a result of his initiation?) to become more "human," Kilelli (a new addition) successfully wins a "power" and Fox Boy and his friend Oriole Girl stop the story by refusing to believe in the teller, Mr. de Angulo.

A variety of details show that de Angulo truly did mix the tribes up, but in the friendly arguments of "Crane" shamanism versus "Wolf" methods of curing, and other minor issues, a good deal of anthropological fact leaks through. The eight stories told in the course of marching add to texture and confusion. There are two creation myths: one told by Grandfather Coyote about his ancestor (or himself, it is never clear) as culture hero; the other by a Wolf person in which Coyote figures as Trickster, and Silver Fox (an Achomawi figure) is creator. The other stories include typical north California material, but in such mixtures as to make a search for origins unprofitable, as well as unimaginative. One has the feeling that it is totally authentic.

Stylistically, the use of capitalization, repetition, and imitative sound (sound of travelling: *tras . . . tras . . . tras . . .*) gives the narra-

tive its "spoken" effect, and a deceptive simplicity. At some points the language falls down, as when Bear got to his feet "ponderously, as befitted an old man"—showing a "literary" tendency that becomes stronger toward the end of the book. Embedded in the text are a number of poems or "songs." The ten pages of Coyote Old Man's "Shaman Songs" contain some small poems that have a sharpness and compression approaching *haiku*.

Perhaps the most important, and surely the most enigmatic character in the book is Coyote Old Man. He is awakened from an ageless sleep by the Bear party:

Old Coyote was sleeping in the hills.
 Old Coyote was sleeping in his house.
 His house was back in the back of the hills
 In a little valley, in a hidden valley away back in the hills.

Although he joins Bear and his friends, he says little and only tells two stories. When questioned—is he the very same Coyote he tells about? And, what is the difference between animal-people and real-people? He answers, "... I am Coyote Old Man. I am a very old man. I am a thousand years old. I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE BEFORE and before the after!" His real identity, in this completely delightful book, is the culture-hero who listened patiently to gossip, could sit still, eat acorn-mush with the rest, and remember for years: Jaime de Angulo.

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G. S. Snyder

The Russian Folk Epos in Czech Literature, 1800-1900. William E. Harkins. (New York: King's Crown Press, 1951.) vi / 282 pp. \$3.75.

The mutual dependence and the creative interrelation of oral and written literature is one of the most interesting phenomena of literary history. In the frame of this large topic Mr. Harkins confines himself to the study of the Russian heroic epos, the foremost narrative genre of Slavic folklore, and its influence on Czech literature. He investigates its rise in oral tradition in eighteenth-century Russia, its spectacular appearance on the literary stage of Bohemia, and its gradual retreat from this vanguard position to a more marginal but still significant function for Czech Romanticism, Realism, and Symbolism.

The fluctuation in popularity of the Russian epos under the different trends which Harkins examines in the Czech literature of the

last century could be followed into contemporary times, when, for instance, in the period between the two world wars a radical devaluation of this Russian folklore genre took place in Czechoslovakia; sunk into schoolreaders, the *byliny*, with their monumental events of long ago and the pathos of their bogatyrs and their broad epic style, became a mere butt for the pranks of Prague students who had to learn them by heart. The recent revival, however, on an international scale of scholarly interest in heroic poetry has already brought pertinent results in the fields of comparative mythology, linguistics, and literature; thus Serbian heroic poems were recorded from living tradition by Parry and Lord of Harvard, and William Harkins of Columbia University went to Prague to study on the spot the printed documents of the as yet unexplored material on the impact of Russian folklore on Czech literature.

Harkins' study, in dealing with the literature of both Russia and Bohemia, encompasses a wide cultural scope. Although both countries are Slavic and share many basic features, in many ways they represent the extremities of the Slavic world: Catholic Bohemia stands for Western culture, Greco-Orthodox Russia for the Euro-Asiatic East. Their oral traditions, still rich and alive, provide a sensitive, revealing clue to the understanding of the characteristic traits of their written literature, and, as Harkins' very competent study shows, they may often be illuminating for the history of Slavic thought and culture.

What was the reason for the fame which the Russian epos enjoyed during the Czech renaissance period? Each literary period favors the folklore genre with which it has spiritual and structural affinities. Heroic poetry expressed through its content and formal means what in general was inherent in the newly established values of the empire-classicists and pre-romanticists; it responded specifically, however, to the urgent need of native historical grandeur felt in Bohemia at the threshold of the century. When, therefore, a handful of Prague intellectuals—men of truly heroic stature—took upon themselves the superhuman task of reviving the self-consciousness of their country with the ultimate goal of liberating it from the Austrian yoke, they searched in its oral tradition for proof of the existence of a Czech heroic age. But Czech folklore lacked a poetry of action. Predominantly lyric in its character and still partly submerged in playful, intimate rococo art, Bohemia turned with panslavic enthusiasm to the inexhaustible narrative sources of its powerful Russian brother. Thus it was the *byliny* which supplied the Czech pre-romantic generation with the image of an epic hero and a new concept of history.

Mr. Harkins inquires into this subject matter from a literary and

historical point of view and analyzes in their formal aspect the poetic devices of the Russian epos and its modifications. Accurate methods, solid knowledge of the material and an apparently intimate feeling for both Slavic languages together with a real scholarly devotion to the problems involved allowed him to discern the hierarchy of relevance in a large amount of facts and ideas and to present significant examples of Russian and Czech poetry with adequate English translations.

Supporting his statements with many quotations, he shows which of the Russian attitudes and studies penetrated into the Czech world and how these impulses were utilized in nineteenth-century Czech culture, each of its stages having its own creative approach to the Russian epos: the scientific approach of the first school of Slavic comparative philology and the doubts of its classicist leader Dobrovsky about the esthetic value of folk-poetry in general; the opposite view of his pupil, the dynamic pre-romanticist Jungman who through his translations of Russian heroic poetry enriched the Czech vocabulary and directed the creative energy of contemporary poets and scholars; the projection of some Russian elements into an invented native mythology in the celebrated controversial forgeries of Hanka; Celakovsky's attempt to give the *byliny* a full modern poetic and linguistic interpretation in Czech; the emancipation from the direct influence of the epos by the Romantics, who still, however, used its previous adaptations by Hanka and Celakovsky for their entirely nationalized art (as in the *Záhor* ballad by Erben); the satirical interpretation of the Russian Vladimir cycle in the humorous poem of Havlíček, written at the turning-point from romanticism to realism; the variations of the epic motifs and forms in the complex literary life of the second half of the century, as in the combining of individual poems into a tale in prose by the Realists; and finally, the bold attempts of Zeyer toward the end of the century to adapt the symbolism of the Russian epic tradition to the needs of the new international literary trend with particular stress on the exotic.

It is worth mentioning that some of these literary utilizations of Russian folklore by Czech poets preceded analagous uses by Russian writers. Celakovsky's poetic adaptations anticipated those of Lermontov, and Zeyer discovered the literary possibilities of native folklore before the Russian symbolists found them.

Mr. Harkin's book is the only exhaustive and systematic study of the influence of the Slavic epic traditions on literature. Neither the stimuli of the South Slavic folk epics to the native and Russian

poetry in the nineteenth century nor the influence of the Ukrainian dummy on the Eastern Slavic and Polish poets has found such an elaborate and adequate investigation.

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Lieutuvii Tautosakos Lobynas, I-II. Jonas Balys. [*A Treasury of Lithuanian Folklore: I, Ghosts and Men, Lithuanian Folk Legends about the Dead*, 126 pp.; *II, Folk Magic and Folk Medicine, Lithuanian Incantations and Charms*, 94 pp.] (Bloomington, Indiana: The author, 1951.) No price listed.

The two parts of this study, though each with separate pagination, are bound together under one cover. Both are collections of raw material in the Lithuanian language. In Part II, nothing but the first two lines (the title) and an abridged table of contents (13 lines) is in English, except that on p. 12 there is a footnote starting in English and ending in Lithuanian. Part I has an English table of contents and an English Motif-Index (pp. 118-126). At the bottom of p. 49 of Part I, the last line is missing. The omission is corrected on p. 96 of Part II.

Part I contains 171 legends of varying length, some only a few lines, others several pages long. They were collected by various people directly from among the Lithuanian peasants during half a century: the earliest (No. 19) in 1893, at least one each in 1901 and 1902, five in 1904, eleven in 1905, etc., but most, however, between 1927 and 1938. In most cases, the date and place of the recording, the name and age of the informant, as well as the name of the recorder, are indicated at the end of the story. Most of the material published here had been kept in the Lithuanian Folklore Archives and was taken along by the editor when, at the time of the occupation of Lithuania by the Soviet troops, he escaped westward. A few stories (the least valuable in the eyes of this reviewer) were collected by the editor himself in the United States from Lithuanian immigrants, after his arrival to this country.

The age of the story-tellers varies; some were very old at the time the legend was recorded, others were quite young. These differences show up in the linguistic or stylistic form of the stories. The tales told by older informants are richer in Slavic expressions than those told by younger people. People older than 80 years of age usually talk in a language that is almost unintelligible for Lithuanians

born after 1940, e.g., No. 91 recorded in 1936 from a woman who was then 85 years old. This points to Slavic origin of the tales which were later adjusted to modern Lithuanian usage. In No. 102 (recorded in 1934), the story-teller, a woman 74 years of age, is confused. She claims that she was present at the event, but the story itself indicates that only men were present when one of them cut off the head of the dead man who haunted them. Similar confusion appears in Nos. 103 and 111.

In the brief Foreword (pp. 5-10) the compiler and editor admits the possibility of Slavic and German influence, but he does not go far enough. Moreover, there is a tendency to ascribe motifs which are not Christian in the limited Roman Catholic or Russian Orthodox sense to pagan antiquity, thus identifying German Protestant influence with Germanic pre-Christian paganism. A few examples will show how Russian influence can be recognized in these Lithuanian tales. Nos. 32-37 (The dead should not be mourned excessively) remind us of Father Zossima (in Dostoyevski's novel *The Brothers Karamazov*, Part I, Book 2, Chapter 3) who reprimands the peasant woman for neglecting her husband with her grieving over the death of their child. In No. 27 we are reminded of the following passage in the same novel (Book 3, Chapter 1): "The woman believed that she heard her own dead baby crying and calling for her." In another passage of the same novel (V, 5), Dostoyevski has Ivan Karamazov say, "As a man cannot bear to be without the miraculous, he will create new miracles of his own for himself, and will worship deeds of sorcery and witchcraft." This elemental or primitivistic explanation is more realistic than the pseudohistorical search for motifs inherited from pre-Christian paganism. The stories referring to dead men haunting their former homes, who are put to death by cutting their heads off and placing them between the legs, show clear traces of Russian origin in the vocabulary used, e.g., *ulioti* "to haunt" (Nos. 85-103). No. 33 (Clay Matthew) was prompted by a modern popular saying (the Lithuanians call a spineless man a "clay Matthew") as an attempt at explaining it. No. 58 is a moralistic tale directed against betting. Similarly Nos. 75, 77, and 109, where the shepherds are advised to be cautious where they lie down, because of physical danger.

The Motif-Index, which is in English, suffers from several wrong translations. Under D 435.1.1 substitute "widow" or "woman" for "wife"; under E 261 change "overawed" to "overpowered"; under E 411.0.2.1.1 change "minstrel" to "altar boy". Under A 478.1 reference is made to Nos. 7-9. However, reference to No. 7 is wrong.

No fairies appear there; pestilence personified rides the carriage, killing all people. I see no mythological motif in this personification of death. Death appears as a woman because the corresponding Lithuanian words (*mirtis*, *giltinė*) are of feminine gender. It seems to me that D 791.1.3 and D 1273 belong rather under V (Religion). I question especially the classification of motif D 791.1.3 (where a priest is involved) under the heading of "Magic".

The value of these texts would be considerably enhanced if a vocabulary explaining the numerous unusual words were added. This remark applies likewise to Part II.

Part II, containing 575 items of incantations and charms, differs from Part I inasmuch as it is to be considered one of the most important and most valuable contributions to the study of Lithuanian folklore in many years. The Foreword (pp. 5-16) is a piece of careful research with complete bibliographical information. The author builds here on the foundations laid by the Finnish scholar V. J. Mansikka in his book *Litauische Zaubersprüche* (Helsinki, 1929). Moreover, Balys had himself been a collector of Lithuanian charms even before he became personally acquainted with the Finnish professor in 1928. He is fully aware of possible international and intercultural contacts. It will be interesting to watch his future work in this field, especially if he should decide to pay somewhat closer attention to German practices. The fact that bee and snake charms similar to the ones listed by Balys appear in Old High German literature should make such broadening of the scope of study very attractive. The situations mentioned by Balys on p. 15 cannot fail to remind us of the Second Merseburg Charm about which cf. the meticulous study "Der zweite Merseburger Zauberspruch" by Arno Schirokauer in *Corona. In Honor of Samuel Singer* (Duke University Press, 1941), pp. 117-141. Concerning the problem of magic charms in Lithuania cf. also my article "Notes on Religious Folklore in Lithuania" in *Slavic Studies* (edited by Alexander Kaun and Ernest J. Simmons, Cornell University Press, 1943), pp. 162-179.

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Alfred Senn

Wall Paintings by Snake Charmers in Tanganyika. H. Cory. (New York: Grove Press, 1953.) 4 colored plates, 46 illustrations. 99 pp. \$8.00.

Graphic art, as compared with other media of artistic expression, is not widespread in Africa. For this reason Mr. Cory's well illustrated little book, about one form of the graphic art of the Sukuma and other sub-tribes of the Nyamwezi of Tanganyika, is a valuable contribution to the ethnography of Africa. The purpose of presenting the book and especially these paintings is to help further understanding between Europeans and Africans by encouraging mutual respect. This will be further discussed below.

The book is divided into two sections, a short eight page introduction and a second part which is devoted to the paintings and their explanation. In the introduction it is explained that the paintings are produced for pleasure and to teach novitiates in the "snake-charmer's" society some of the stories relating to famous members and their deeds and famous incidents and persons in the history of the society. The paintings are produced by "men of talent" on the walls of huts used for the society's meetings. They were obtained by the author from 1932 to 1934. The introduction also discusses the diversity of styles and level of technical achievement in the paintings.

There are 50 plates included in the book of which four are produced in color and the rest in black and white. Ten of the latter appear in the appendix and serve as illustrations of the type of paintings done by persons who have no special talent. Each of the paintings is accompanied by an explanation, as taken from the artist, of what is depicted. In some cases the explanations include folktales of which the paintings are illustrative and in some cases they merely define the situation and characters involved in a picture which may have no reference to any particular tale. Thus one is a picture of Sana who, it is explained, is the personification of "dawn."

The colors used in these paintings consist of degrees of reddish brown to yellow, black and white. The figures depicted are mainly characterized by the fact that they are anatomically inaccurate, probably because the artists have little knowledge of how to portray anatomical parts correctly; in the case of one figure that had no hands the artist explained that he did not know how to draw hands. Perspective is lacking and almost all figures are portrayed in either a flat front or flat side pose.

The ability to control the form of the subject is not nearly comparable to that of the producers of the Bushmen art, and it is difficult to escape the conclusion that these artists are simply unskilled in

drawing techniques. However the author does not tell us much about this; it would be interesting to know whether the technique is culturally conditioned or one which is due to an actual lack of knowledge of techniques of portraying perspective and anatomy.

An interesting sidelight to this book appears when we compare these paintings with those appearing in a recent issue of *Life* magazine (May 4, 1953). The paintings illustrated in *Life*, which were done under European supervision at Elisabethville in the eastern Belgian Congo, are strikingly similar in style to some of the Nyamwezi paintings. This makes one wonder if the Elisabethville style does not have some roots in a traditional form of graphic art similar to that in Tanganyika, even though *Life* explains that graphic art is "another form of art" to these people, i.e., different from anything they have had experience with before.

It is perhaps unfortunate that an explanation of the form and function of the secret society in which these paintings are used is not fully given in the text of this book. Mr. Cory refers us to an article published in Africa some years ago for this data.

Another criticism results from the fact that Cory says the artists have never seen any European pictures or, if they have, would not recognize them as such. This statement would be difficult to defend. In the first place it is hard to believe that these Africans would not recognize European examples of graphic art. It is not meant to argue here that Africans could not produce their pictures without having seen European examples but only that they probably have seen European pictures. And, secondly, it is possible that they have been influenced by such pictures although it is not meant to argue that they have. Even though examples of European painting are rare in East Africa, there are plenty of examples of European-style graphic art at large, if only in newspapers and on canned goods.

More important than this point is the objection that must be taken to Cory's suggestion that these people stand at a different "stage" of cultural development than Europeans. He also implies that this stage is one of "pre-logical" thinking. Thus, referring to the Africans, he says:

At this stage all knowledge and human activity outside the very commonest experience, which in more advanced societies would be considered as assets to clearer thinking, lead merely to proving the existence, the strength and the danger of a mystic (and usually primitive) world system.

The theories that there are evolutionary stages of cultural development and that there are "pre-logical" thinkers are generally considered

to be obsolete so that it seems anachronistic to try to explain the achievements of these people by referring to them.

Finally, Cory expresses the hope that,

These wall-paintings . . . may do something, even if it is only a very little, to tackle the problem of better understanding between Europeans and Africans. They show that the African possesses artistic faculties which may not yet display great technical skill, but which are already sufficiently developed to give testimony to the existence of, perhaps not striking heights of artistry, but at any rate considerable depths of intellectual penetration.

This is a result to be sincerely desired but it must be said that showing such paintings to Europeans cannot be depended upon to have this effect. It is certainly as likely to have the effect of reinforcing existing prejudices about the "primitiveness" of Africans. It is not difficult, for example, to imagine a European comparing these paintings with the crude results obtained by a primary school child making his first attempts at drawing.

This book, therefore, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the graphic art of African people, but it seems doubtful that it will achieve its stated end. And, considering its limited scope, the price (\$8.00) may seriously impede its distribution.

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Words and Ways of American English. Thomas Pyles. (New York: Random House, Inc., 1952) x + 310 pp. \$3.50.

Although the author of this book on the origins, growth, and characteristics of American English denies any particular value of his work for the professional student of language, he admits that the subjects of his chapters grew out of lectures and discussions while teaching language and literature courses of study. The announced aim, "to provide for the lay reader a brief yet adequate treatment of the English language as it has been and is spoken and written by Americans," explains the absence of such scholarly impedimenta as footnotes, bibliography, and phonetic symbols. What it does not explain, however, is the title of the book, which, borrowed from Greenough and Kittredge's *Words and Ways of the English Language*, suggests an attempt to identify the stature, scope, and intent of Pyles' work with their scholarly study published at the beginning of the

century. The tell-tale style of presentation, certainly brilliant and anti-textbookish enough, indicates a rather restricted audience. Such expressions as "resquipedalian verbiage," "gastric metaphor," "orotund exaggeration," "epicene affair," "egregious Anglophile," "putative superman," "vestigial linguistic Anglophilia," and "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" would either completely overcome the untutored reader or send him scampering for a dictionary. It must be said, therefore, in spite of the author's feigned humility, some of the chapters are certainly excellent summaries of important influences on and attitudes toward American English that should be made required reading for all students of the American language. Chapter six on "Tall Talk, Turgidity, and Taboo" should especially appeal to students of American folk-ways.

The shortcomings of Professor Pyles' book may be classified as sins of commission and sins of omission. M. M. Mathews, in *The Saturday Review* (August 2, 1952), pointed out some sins of the first type—"arm-chair etymologies"—for which the author is duly reprimanded. Students of folklore might reasonably object to Pyles' supporting the popular myth, recently exploded by Daniel G. Hoffman, that Paul Bunyan was a legitimate folk character. Linguistic scientists might well complain of the writer's uncontrolled subjectivity in the evaluation of the comparative elegance of specific forms and expressions characteristic of American English.

Among the apparent omissions may be observed almost complete silence on such pertinent matters as Emerson's so-called "declaration of American intellectual independence," as set forth in "The American Scholar"; the characteristic disconnection between Americans and their environment, discussed by Thornton Wilder in the *Atlantic Monthly* (July, 1952); the effects of distinctive literature on the language, such as revealed for example by the Ramsay-Emberson study of Mark Twain's vocabulary; the adoption of sea idioms by landlubbers, as demonstrated by such writers as Samuel F. Batchelder, George S. Wasson, and Joanna Carver Colcord; and characteristic American humor, the subject of careful studies by Constance Rourke and by Walter Blair.

The contention that authoritarian pedagogy was one of the most telling influences on the development of American English is to be seriously questioned. "We have achieved in effect a national language," says Professor Pyles, "partly the result of independent development, but largely attributable to conscious regulation and direction." Such a conclusion must be verified scientifically if it is to be at all acceptable, since the statement is at variance with the con-

clusions of other scholars of the language. Perhaps the linguistic scientists will be able to settle the argument.

The Leave-Your-Language-Alone position of Robert A. Hall, Jr. seems more tenable: that linguistic change is inevitable and that it reflects the changes which develop by interaction among people, rather than those imposed by instruction, dictation, and regimentation. The almost universal condonation of General MacArthur's famous retort 'I shall return!' for example, shows what little effect more than a century of classroom instruction has had on American usage, and also contradicts Professor Pyles' claim that the American people exhibit profound respect for linguistic authoritarianism. The complete reversal by the military of the shall-will dictum of the school ma'am is testimony of the transient effects of indoctrination. Probably a more potent force in the regimentation of American speech than that effected by pedagogy results from social pretension sponsored by the bourgeoisie. A certain linguistic hypocrisy among Americans, closely related to moral hypocrisy, has produced a dual standard for language employment. Self-imposed censorship explains why public addresses, literary works, and business correspondence are often characterized by an artificial, restrained, and highly regulated language; whereas, the spontaneous and uninhibited conversation and correspondence of the average individual under normal circumstances is characterized by a colorful and stimulating vernacular which teachers of English are reputed to abhor.

The theory that national culture is a unification of the undirected creations of people in a dynamic social configuration will be most readily accepted by students of folklore and cultural tradition. We must agree with Walt Whitman that "Language . . . is something arising out of the work, needs, ties, joys, affections, tastes of long generations of humanity, and has its bases broad and low, close to the ground . . ." Language is as complex and difficult to analyze as are people, and a study that oversimplifies the forces at work in its development will constitute an unsatisfactory account of its true characteristics, directions, and implications. Perhaps America is too young to warrant a culturally oriented study of its distinctive word ways.

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C. Merton Babcock

British Traditional Ballads in America, sung by Shep Ginandes, Long Playing Record Elektra JH 508; *Frank Warner Sings American Folk Songs and Ballads*, Long Playing Record Elektra JH 504; *Voices of Haiti*, recorded by Maya Deren, Long Playing Record Elektra JH 509; *Cynthia Gooding Sings Turkish and Spanish Folk Songs*, Long Playing Record Elektra JH 510. (New York: Elektra Records, a division of the Elektra-Stratford Record Corporation, 1952). All produced by Jac Holzman.

These four records are a continuation of the Elektra series which began with *Jean Ritchie Sings* (Elektra JH 505, reviewed in Volume II, No. 3, pp. 198-199 of this journal). The reviews of the Jean Ritchie record were all justifiably enthusiastic; for these new records they can be no less. Mr. Holzman and the Elektra-Stratford Record Corporation are performing a service for American folk music which is matched only by the Library of Congress. One hopes that the records will be as commercially successful as they are artistically.

The word *artistically* was used intentionally, but it was not meant to imply that the performance on these records was studied or unnatural. Indeed, a note on the envelope for *Cynthia Gooding Sings Turkish and Spanish Folk Songs* suggests that at last a commercial producer of folksong records has come along who truly understands what he is doing: "Her [Cynthia Gooding's] musical education which has been extensive has taught her not only the importance of having a solid theoretical grounding but also the fact that folk music is something which cannot be improved upon and must be rendered exactly as tradition requires." To hear any one of these records is to realize that the music upon them is rendered exactly as tradition requires; yet the voices are good—in other words, the singers can do more than simply carry a tune and their enunciation is clear and forceful. Here we have no night club arrangements, but on the other hand neither do we have the cracking voice of the last living singer of Mutton Hollow.

Actually these records run the gamut from on the spot recordings of living folk music to the studio recorded singing of a trained artist. The *Voices of Haiti* record includes nine items, all of which were recorded by lashing a microphone to the centerpost of the ceremonial peristyle. Knowing little of the music of Haiti, I shall simply list the titles given in the brochure which accompanies the record and which describes the ceremonies relevant to the music: Side 1—Creole o Vou-doun, Ayizan Marché, Signaléagwé Arroyo, Zulie Banda, Ibo Lélé; Side 2—Ghede Nimbo, Nago Jaco Colocoto, Miro Miba, and Po' Drapeaux. About the singers, Maya Deren remarks, "They are singing

for the gods; it is a privilege to have overheard and to have recorded it." It is equally a privilege to have the record where one can hear it often.

Perhaps only one step removed from the *Voices of Haiti* is *Frank Warner Sings American Folk Songs and Ballads*. These are "fireside recordings" of songs actually collected by Frank Warner. On side one may be found "Keep Your Hand on the Plow," "Got the Whole World in His Hands," "Hold My Hand, Lord Jesus," and "Lord Lovel"; on side two may be found the "Battle of Bull Run," "Unreconstructed Rebel," "Gilgarry Mountain," "Blue Mountain Lake," "Tom Dooley," and "Days of '49." That some of these would not pass the strictest definition for folksongs does not detract from their charm and effectiveness.

Equally effective, though perhaps a little more sophisticated are the songs found on *British Traditional Ballads in America Sung by Shep Ginandes*. Six American versions of ballads found in the Child collection may be found on this record: Side one—The Golden Willow Tree, The Cruel Mother, Lord Bateman; Side two—Edward, Lord Randall, and Lord Thomas and Fair Elinore. Despite its popularity among the folk, good versions of "Edward" are hard to come across on record; if for no other reason than that, this record is worth more than the purchase price.

Finally we return to *Cynthia Gooding Sings Turkish and American Folk Songs*. Side one, Turkish Folksongs, includes "Sakarya" a cavalry song, "Ankaranin Tasina Bak," a prisoner's chant, "Emînem," a courting song, "Kâtîp," a love song, "Ak Koyun," a shepherd's chant, and "Yashî Meral," a mountain song. Side two, Spanish Folksongs, includes "Donde vas Rey Alfonsito," a lament, "Tres Moricas," a canto, "Ande Diciendo," another canto, "Conde Olinos," a romance, "Ay, un Galan," another romance, and "Eres alta y Delgada," and "La Molinera," two more cantos. Each is a pleasure to listen to.

WER

Books Received

- Alford, Violet, *Dances of France, III: The Pyrenees*. (New York: Crown Publishers, 1952.) Plates; music; 40 pp. \$1.00.
- Armstrong, Lucille, *Dances of Portugal*. (New York: Chanticleer Press, 1948.) 40 pp.; plates; music. \$1.00.
- Bernheimer, Richard, *Wild Men in the Middle Ages*. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1952.) 50 plates; xiii + 224 pp. \$4.00.
- Cameron, William, *Highland Dances of Scotland*. (Aberdeen: Aberdeen Journal Ltd.; the author, 220 Lake St., St. Katherine's, Ontario, 1951.) diagrams; photos; music; 68 pp. No price listed.
- Christopherson, Paul, *The Ballad of Sir Aldingar: Its Origin and Analogues*. (London: Oxford University Press, 1952.) ix + 258 pp. \$6.00.
- Cross, Tom Peete, *Motif-Index of Early Irish Literature*. (Bloomington: Indiana University Publications, Folklore Series No. 7, 1952.) xx + 537 pp. \$5.00 paper/\$6.00 cloth.
- Danielou, Alain, *A Catalogue of Recorded Classical and Traditional Indian Music*. (Paris: UNESCO; New York: Columbia University Press, 1952.) 14 photos; 236 pp. \$2.50.
- Day, Donald, *Uncle Sam's Uncle Josh*. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1953.) ix + 244 pp. \$4.00.
- Duncan, Bob, *The Dicky Bird Was Singing*. (New York and Toronto: Rinehart, 1952.) 282 pp. \$3.00.
- Farmhouses and Cottages in Wales*. (Cardiff: Welsh Folk Museum, 1952.) 24 photographs; unpagged. 2s/6d.
- Galanti, Bianca M., *Dances of Italy*. (New York: Chanticleer Press, 1950.) Plates; music; 40 pp. \$1.00.
- Greenway, John, *American Folk Songs of Protest*. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1953.) Music; x + 348 pp. \$6.75.
- Gullen, F. Doreen, *Traditional Number Rhymes and Games*. Publication No. XXXII of the Scottish Council for Research in Education. (London: University of London Press, Ltd., 1950.) x + 144 pp. 5s/-.
- Hunt, Paul, and Charlotte Underwood, *Eight Yards of Calico*. (New York: Harper & Bros., 1952.) Photos; xi + 114 pp. \$2.50.
- Marcel Dubois, Claudie, and Marie Marguerite Andral, *Dances of France, I: Brittany Bourbonnais*. (New York: Chanticleer Press, 1950.) Plates; music; 40 pp. \$1.00.
- Radin, Paul, and James Johnson Sweeney, *African Folktales and Sculpture*. (New York: Pantheon Books, Bollingen Series No. XXXII, 1952.) Plates; 355 pp. \$8.50.

- Randolph, Vance, and George P. Wilson, *Down in the Holler: A Gallery of Ozark Folk Speech*. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1953.) ix + 320 pp. \$5.00.
- Tennevin, Nicolette, and Marie Texier, *Dances of France, II: Provence and Alsace*. (New York: Chanticleer Press, 1951.) Plates; music; 40 pp. \$1.00.
- Thomas, Charles, *Studies in the Folk-Lore of Cornwall, I: The Taboo*; (The author, Lowenac, Camborne, Cornwall, England, 1951.) 40 pp. 3s/6d.
- , *Studies in the Folk-Lore of Cornwall, II: The Sacrifice*. (The author, 1952.) 60 pp. No price listed.
- Thomas, Katherine Elwes, *The Real Personages of Mother Goose*. (New York: Lathrop, Lee & Shepard, 1930 [reprinted]) 352 pp. \$3.00.
- Thompson, Stith, *Four Symposia on Folklore*. (Bloomington: Indiana University Publications, Folklore Series No. 8, 1953.) x + 340 pp. \$3.50.
- van Wagenen, Jr., Jared, *The Golden Age of Homespun*. (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1953.) xviii + 280 pp. \$3.50.
- Walker, J. W., *The True History of Robin Hood*. (Wakefield, England: West Yorkshire Printing Co., Ltd., 1952.) xxi + 132 pp. No price listed.
- Zong In-Sob, *Folk Tales from Korea*. (New York: Grove Press, 1953.) xxviii + 257 pp. \$4.50.

Records Received

- Bryan, Charles, *Barbary Allen, Ol' Joe Clark, Springfield Mountain; Froggie Went a Courtin', Willie My Dear*. (Nashville: Educational Records Nos. 1001, 1002.) 78 rpm.
- Folk Music of the United States from the Archive of American Folk Song. *American Sea Songs and Shanties*, ed. Duncan Emrich (L26-L27); *Cowboy Songs, Ballads and Cattle Calls from Texas*, collected by John A. Lomax, ed. Duncan Emrich (L28); *Songs and Ballads of American History and of the Assassination of Presidents*, ed. Duncan Emrich (L29); *Songs of the Mormons and Songs of the West* (L30), ed. Duncan Emrich. (Washington: Music Division, Recording Laboratory, The Library of Congress.) 33-1/3 rpm microgroove. \$4.50 each.
- Niles, John Jacob, *American Folk Ballads; American Folk Love Songs to Dulcimer Accompaniment*. (Lexington: Boone-Tolliver Records Nos. BTR-22, 23.) 33-1/3 rpm microgroove. \$4.00 each.

Midwest Folklore

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Manuscripts submitted for publication should be typed double-spaced on 8½ x 11 paper; footnotes should be typed double-spaced with a triple space between each note at the end of the article. Titles of books and journals should be italicized; titles of articles, chapters of books, poems, reports, etc., should be placed in quotation marks. A style sheet is available on request.